"We'll Stick to The Finish!"

"C'est la Guerre"

(It is the War)

Dr. Mitchell Chapple

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JOE MITCHELL CHAPPLE
Photograph taken with Gas Mask

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A Voice from the Soldiers and Sailors Overseas—People and Places Visited in the War Zones

by

JOE MITCHELL CHAPPLE

BOSTON

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1918

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BY
JOE MITCHELL CHAPPLE

Dedicated

TO THE

Soldiers and Sailors of the Allies

WHOSE IMMORTAL DEEDS

ARE RECORDED

IN SELF-SACRIFICE

AND BLOOD

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FOREWORD

THIS book was never planned—it grew. I went to the Western Front in the capacity of a magazine editor, largely to see things, to feel the spirit of our men overseas, to talk with them in a friendly and informal way, to mix with them, live their life, eat their food, and to know at first-hand something of Pershing and his men; of Sims and his sailors.

The purpose has grown with the book. It has broadened until my travels have covered all fronts, from Flanders Field to the highest peak of the Alps, and the seas from Ireland to Scotland.

I have lived and talked with British Tommies, Canadian and Australian Colonials, French Poilus, Italian Bersagliere, and Yankee Americans. On land and on sea I saw soldiers and sailors mingling in a New World comradeship. On the battlefields they were brigaded in such a "oneness" that only the uniform they wore furnished identity. On

the sea, at least two great nations had so merged that the flag of each dipped as one.

Not only did I see the big guns of the field and the fleet, but the great men of the Allied nations as well—looked into their eyes, heard their sentiments and felt their purpose. Some of their inspiring utterances I have brought back with me.

My chief aim was to see our own boys, to hear their words, to see them under fire, and to know how it fared with them in the great conflict. What I heard and saw constitutes a message—a message which is like fire shut up in my bones. It is too sacred for personal knowledge alone. Within me is an all-compelling *must*.

Not for authorial pride, but to stimulate collective patriotism in my own country—to hearten the parents, relatives and sweethearts. To induce them, if possible, to keep flying the white letters of cheer, not once a week merely, but once a day; to keep before our brave soldiers at the front the knowledge that the home fires are brightly burning, and to inspire them with the nobleness of their service and the glory of their sacrifice. This is the whole reason for a book, furnishing, as it does, one of the great channels of communication.

To me was given the unexpected privilege of talking to the boys singly, in groups and in mass

meetings—of talking to them in plain clothes, in plain language, and of giving them a plain message. I wanted them to feel, not that I was an official or on an accredited mission, but rather just a *feller* from home, sorry for only one thing—that I was not actually one of them.

How readily they responded! Rushing about me, almost the whole burden of their question was: "Are you going back home?" And many were the addresses I brought back—of parents or relatives to be remembered, even the shy word "to the sweetest little girl in the world."

My message in this book is in the same plain language I used with the boys. Its sentences will need no interpreter.

I wish to return deepest gratitude to those at home who in so many ways made my oversea trip possible, and to the great number abroad who by innumerable acts of courtesy and kindness helped to make my stay the most thrilling experience of my life. To Secretary Daniels, who made possible the trip; to Secretary Lansing and to Secretary Baker, who greatly facilitated it; to Vice-President Marshall, whose words about me I should be proud to have in my biography; to George Creel, Theodore Roosevelt, Admiral McGowan, and Colonel House, whose friendly words opened many

a door; to numerous other personal friends whose deeds transcend their names; and especially to one friend, who stood sponsor for the book, and who would not permit the mention of his name, yet who purchased the first one thousand copies, insisting that he was inspired purely by patriotic motives in placing these in the hands of soldiers and sailors.

To Woodrow Wilson, President of the United States, whose inspiring utterances and patriotic spirit helped so largely in accrediting me all through Europe as an American citizen.

"WE'LL STICK TO THE FINISH!"

"C'est la Guerre"

(*It is the War*)

I

C'EST LA GUERRE—IT IS THE WAR

THE universal phrase, "*C'est la Guerre,*" (say-lu-gair), comes hot from the heart of France. It covers the various emotions of the war. The wailing pacifist shakes his head declaring "*C'est la Guerre*"; the chic merrymaker of Paris with a swing of the arms, declares, "*C'est la Guerre*"; the embittered cynic sneers, "*C'est la Guerre*"; the sorrowing man, woman and child resignedly say, "*C'est la Guerre*"; but its climax is reached when the soldier, his soul aflame, rushes into the fray or into No Man's Land where the ghostly gloom is lighted only by the cannon's flare, exultingly shouting, "*C'est la Guerre.*" In that cry is the hope of civilization.

Because it voices every angle of the greatest struggle in the world, we use the French phrase "*C'est la Guerre*"—for in all history this is *the* war.

Peering into the impenetrable distance are the eyes of the great family-fraternity who have fathers,

husbands, sons and sweethearts in the conflict, and who welcome not only what is defined knowledge, but the merest fragments of information as to whereabouts and doings of their own.

There is something in the contemplation of war which is sobering in itself, but when we consider the scope of this struggle, how inconsequential are all those things we thought greatest in life. And what are the stakes? Not markets, not territory, but life and death. It is the crucial hour of the world.

In the United States, we have come gradually to the realization that we are at war and have taken our place by the side of heroic Allies. The die is cast. The liberties of free peoples must be written for the ages in the blood of our own soldiers.

Americans in France, accustomed to the contemplation of big things, find the proportions of this war to be overwhelming. Armies of a million are but a dot on the map. The actual fighting line reaches a distance equal to that from Boston to Buffalo. Five tons of supplies must go three thousand miles with every American soldier. Yankee genius has provided bakeries producing a million loaves a day. Every device in the rear of the line is being used to conserve the precious drops of American blood. Drinking water is

analyzed in the laboratories every day. The health of the soldier is paramount. The slime and mud of the trench is lessened when the soldier is "fit." The health of the American soldier is good to see and his spirits correspond. Here in the making is a new type of citizenship—void of caste and social distinctions—the sublime task is making comrades of all.

Nothing we ever saw or read before in ancient lore equals the courage manifested by our soldiers in France. There are moments, to be sure, when, face to face with death, there are gulping throats, but they are philosophical even then.

The boys are not to be censured because they do not write; their time is full and there is action in every moment. Even in the rest billets is the subconsciousness which comes with realization that grim Death hovers everywhere.

We used to speak of our soldiers as "boys," but in France they have grown to the full stature of manhood. What a thrill it gave me to see in person those whose pictures a year or two ago mothers had put into my hands.

In the mile after mile of troops I saw going to the trenches, not one countenance reflected regret, not one face carried the sullen aspect of engaging in an unwilling task.

The dominant thought of all is—to win the war, to stick to the finish. Not one wishes to return until the job is done. There is no complaining about food or accommodations. Everything is accepted with soldierly fortitude. The only expressed wish I heard was for candy, cigarettes and socks. There is not sufficient leisure in the camp for the smoking of pipes or for the solacing cigar, but a cigarette is quickly lighted and seems to offer a soothing sedative when shrapnel is falling.

The desolation of "No Man's Land" cannot be described. Side by side with fields of living green, spangled with flowers, cheered by the songs of birds, is that black, churned, barren strip of land, over which nothing stalks but Death.

To visit the war front from siege-stricken Venice, Padua, and Asiago in the Tyrol Alps; Verdun with its valorous Poilus; sectors held by brave British, intrepid Americans, and fearless Colonials, Canadians and Belgians; to see the battle grounds where wave after wave of the fiendish Huns have been met, together with the great hospitals, aviation camps, the Grand Fleet at the Firth, and the destroyer flotilla at Queenstown, is to be overwhelmed with the magnitude of the struggle.

Not only on the earth but in the sky are the forces struggling. Observation balloons, night raids, long range guns, and flying squadrons are now a part of war's machinery. Thrilling it was and touching to see the A. E. F. from far-off America—stars of manhood from every state and territory in the Union. Their parade through the streets of London moved the sturdy Britishers to fervent enthusiasm. Nor were the French to be outdone in their admiration for the American troops—the finest of America's sons poured out on the sacrificial altar. Yet "*c'est la guerre.*"

In all the camps I visited I never indulged in poetical rhapsodies about the war. There was a practical job to do and no poetry about it. It was a matter of business to direct the great flowing tides of American and British khaki, French blue and Italian green. Moving trains everywhere were laden with guns and soldiers. Men accustomed to Pullmans, and once churlish in taking an upper berth were now glad to have room to move their feet, to say nothing of lying down. The carriages in most cases were freight cars—*hommes*, 40; *cheveaux*, 8. Armies moved to and fro in a new world comradeship; Italians coming to the north, and British moving south to the plateau of Asiago. The wounded were pouring

into "Blighty," that haven for dauntless Canadians, courageous Colonials and heroic British.

The result of the war resolves itself into a matter of mathematical calculation where the forces with the longest range guns and the largest number of men in reserve have the advantage.

But there is another element, sometimes overlooked, which in this war may well prove to be the deciding factor, and that is, the morale. Should this be so, as manifest by the sublime spirit of the Allied troops, the future is full of hope.

The most impressive picture of my entire journey was the salute of a young American commander of a machine gun company as he reported at headquarters, with a gashing wound in his arm, "My men are at the guns." When the supporting troops were sent, they found every man at the guns, but—they were dead. There were no chains on the wrists of these boys. In the hospital trains or on the cars of wounded, there is little complaint, although men are bleeding and dying. At most there may be the pitiful call for "mother," yet "*c'est la guerre.*"

The evidences of war's ravages are legion. There is the tottering cripple, the mangled form, and the groping blind—yet even in these is a

radiance which speaks of souls burning with a great purpose. It is for people on this side of the water, possessed of physical health and enjoying the comforts of home, to pour out unstintingly of all they possess—their time, thought, energy and money—but, above all, to give themselves, unreservedly as our soldiers are doing—to win the war!

II

SAILING FOR FRANCE

"SAILING for France!" What a new and strange significance that sentence has in the year, A. D. 1918.

Clad in a cutaway, a two-year-old Chesterfield summer overcoat with flowing skirt, I sailed away, prouder than I had ever been in a dress suit. Today the most precious heritage I have is that old coat, for I not only wore it on all the battle-fronts, but—how sacred it seems!—it has been touched with the blood of some of our American boys!

On the S. S. *Espagne* were Americans, English, French, and Italians—people representing nearly all allied and neutral countries. Each passport was concrete in its directions, and each passenger specific in his declaration, "I sail with a purpose." Business and pleasure were of the past. Life biographies were recited and explanations made; missions were magnified and exploited in the quick

acquaintance of shipmates. At the first table before reaching the rolling seas, I had a toothache, which caused me to list my head to port. The lady opposite thought she had drawn a grouch, when I confessed—"a toothache." It was a French ship, a French crew, and a French cook. The cook, with his soups, stews and salads, soon won our hearts and reconciled us to war rations. I found my French was not working well. Asking, in a bilious tone, for eggs at breakfast, I was handed a lemon.

My steward, Jean Gardin of the 220th French Infantry, was wounded five times in the Marne campaign and in the assaults of Verdun in 1914 and 1916, and had received the War Cross. He lost one eye on his twenty-ninth birthday at Verdun, but he sees more than many with two eyes. He was honorably discharged and detailed to help on steamships; every wounded soldier finds something to do. When I heard his story I felt like getting up and waiting on him.

The personnel of the passenger list was interesting, indicating a variety of purpose. Mary Garden was singing for the soldiers on the lower deck. She greeted them all with a kiss (by proxy). The lucky man was introduced and given the osculatory salute to pass on—in spirit. Hurrahs

for the famous American prima donna rang over the decks.

Miss Boardman presided at all the Red Cross meetings, Chaplain Smith at the Y. M. C. A. gatherings, and Burton Stevenson at the Library rallies. Everything pertaining to the war was discussed. Pictures of the scenes referred to were envisioned.

Miss Anne Morgan rehearsed the rehabilitation plans at the deck gatherings. "This is not the time for writing about what we are going to do—it is the time for doing things," she said.

Mrs. Cashman and Mrs. Coleman du Pont of the Y. W. C. A. were enroute to visit the hostess houses. General Rodiquet, a veteran of the Franco-Prussian campaign, who served with Joffre in two wars, corrected me with military precision:

"Marechal Joffre—no longer General."

Red Cross meetings were held (weather permitting) every day in the lounge. Y. M. C. A. gatherings were scheduled with regularity. Nearly every state was represented in the personnel, including stenographers struggling with French and slow appetites, chauffeurs, canteen workers, nurses in military cloaks with red lining, Red Cross workers, Y. M. C. A. recruits, Salvation Army officers, Camp Community helpers, women

for the Y. W. C. A. hostess houses; in fact, every branch of war activities was in evidence, all uniformed and enthusiastic—if the sea was not too rolling. The first query was: "Where is your home?" Everyone seemed to find somebody he had met or who had met someone he knew.

Well out of sight of land, soldiers in brown blossomed on the decks below, fore and aft. The old demands for ship-service as in peace days were silenced and transformed into a slogan of help-service for everybody. The luxurious salons and promenade decks were thrown open to the soldiers, while cigarettes and baskets of candy were showered upon them. It was a voyage exemplifying the mellowing influences of democracy in war times.

Approaching Europe, the fever of expectancy as to submarines increased. Drills with life preservers were called the first day out. As each assembled, every one looked his lifeboat mates over with curious social concern. Some appeared in unsinkable suits, like ghostly spectres from subterranean depths. All speculated as to just what they were going to do in the event of "six sharp whistles." I was a member of Boat 8, which, with several stout gentlemen and a few ladies to match, had an impressive crew. The

stout people at once formed a firm and fast alliance, holding regular meetings on starboard boat deck.

The first glimpse of land brought a quiver like that Columbus must have felt when he sighted the shores of San Salvador. The dashing American destroyer hove in sight, and we immediately had a feeling of complete safety when we saw the Stars and Stripes astern the craft. A rim of land, with tiled roofs skirting the distant shore, brought a welcome relief after eight tense days on perilous seas. Miles and miles of new docks were included in the vista. A veritable forest of piling already driven to provide for endless wharves on which to land troops and supplies, brought to mind the triumph of American constructive genius at Panama.

What a welcome sight actually to see Uncle Sam's uniform in France! Hails of welcome came from both shores as the boat sailed up the river.

"Where are you from?" was the greeting across the water, from every nook and corner, from the tops of houses—all in our own tongue! This brought a thrill.

Landing at Bordeaux and at night, the air was heavy with the fumes of wine. There was no question—this was Bordeaux! The open parks and available spaces on the streets were filled with cases of automobiles and supplies on their way to

the front. The whole city seemed like a giant camp behind the lines. The quaint little Hotel Pyrenees was a haven, and I hastened to dinner. The lilacs were in bloom, distilling in the dining hall their soft fragrance at eventide. And yet as I sat there it seemed suddenly lonely. Just then a wee tot of four, with large brown eyes, orphan of a French soldier, unconscious of the grim realities of war, climbed up to my knee. Her childish chatter in French was like music. "*J'vu zaim*" (I love you), she confided. Then added sadly, "*Papa parti*" (papa gone), "*Maman perdue*" (mamma lost). When she threw her little arms around my neck and kissed me, France had won my heart!

III

PARIS UNDER BOMBARDMENT

THE soft slumber of the night ended rather abruptly in Bordeaux next morning by the crashing strains of a French military band. They seemed to be calling me to Paris. Paris in war time! What wonder that my blood flowed fast? For a moment I indulged in a reverie—thinking of La Belle France and the little tot of the night before, who this very day was to embark for my own America!

There was little time for dreaming, for "Boots" bounded into my room, showing in his broad smile teeth rivaling the shine he had put on my shoes. He was a diplomat in the full sense of the word; what else could I do except pay him well when he addressed me as "A Big Gun from America?" But "big guns" was the absorbing thought in the mind of every Frenchman.

He started to tell me of the long-range "Bertha," but before I had time to comprehend, I was made

to realize that even a civilian tourist is on a war footing and subject to call.

The 'phone rang, and in muffled tones a pleading voice—accent decidedly American—asked, "Can you come to my room?" Entering, I had visions of some great over-night secret, when there fell on my ears this distressed question: "Joe, can you help me put on these d——d puttees? You must or I'm 'sub'd,' and can't report to headquarters."

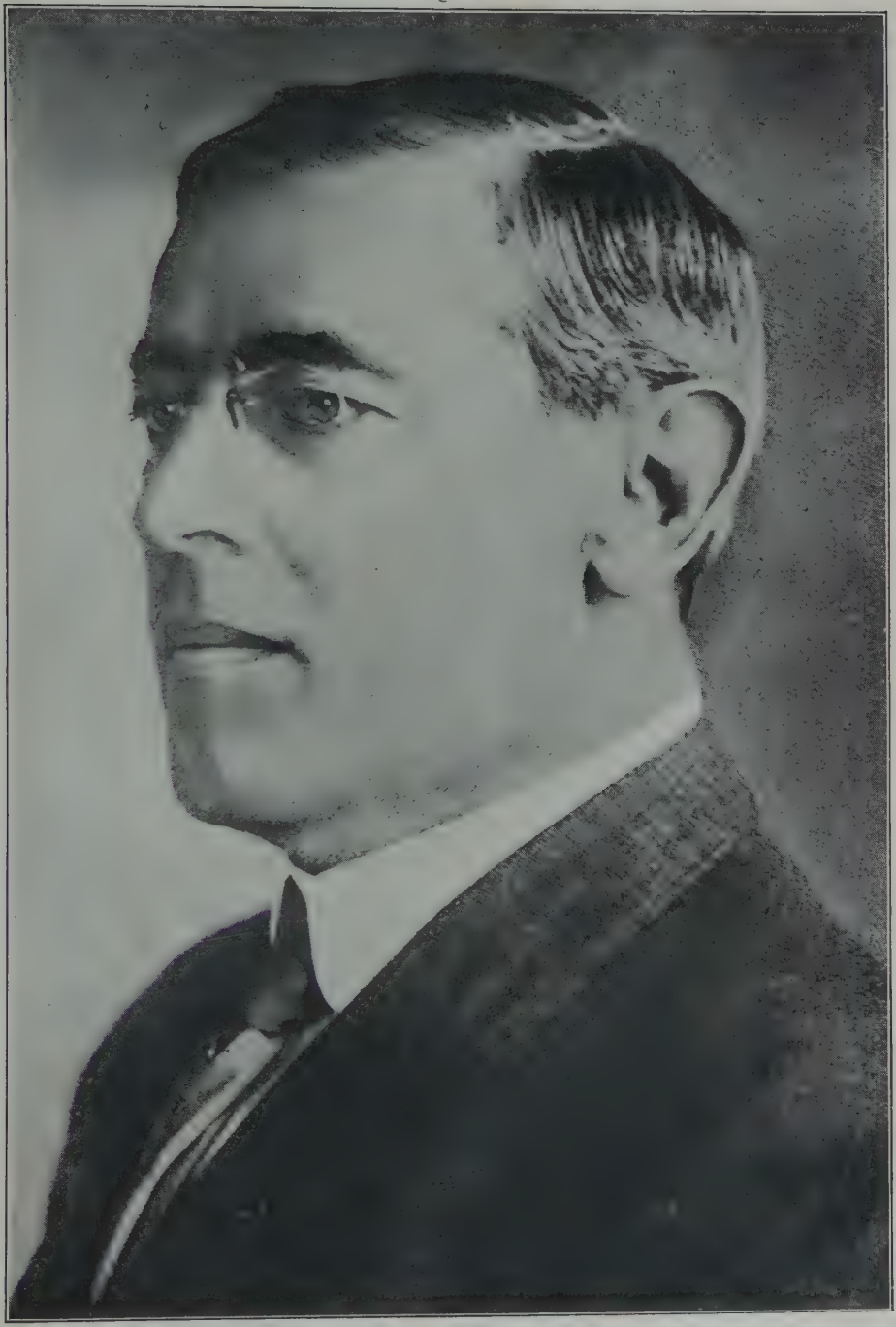
It was a fellow-member of the fat men's alliance of life boat No. 8. He couldn't manage the spring clutch. At least I began the day well, for I saved the dignity of a Red Cross major.

Before proceeding to Paris, short excursions were made in the rural sections of Bordeaux, largely to feel the pulse of the people outside of official circles. In these journeys one thing stands out pre-eminent, and that is the French woman. Nearly every one you meet wears mourning. Their faces are bathed in a chaste resignation. You see them on street cars and trams, for here they act as motorwomen and conductors, although retaining their accustomed preference for skirts. They are everywhere, in the fields following the plow, for they, too, are truly "in the trenches."

Now we are on toward Paris, through the chateau district, with its touches of the ancient

nobility of France. Everywhere Americans are arriving. It was nightfall when we reached Paris. It was practically in darkness. The few lights to baffle bombers were shaded a ghastly blue. The Stygian blackness was a decided contrast to the brilliant glare of peace times. It was hard to believe that this was the Paris of long ago. Not one bright light anywhere. The curtains in the railway trains and in every house were drawn tight, for a light at night is criminal. It was as if we were in another world.

The railway station presented a scene of indescribable confusion. The German long-range gun was busy. Hundreds of thousands of people, realizing that Paris was being shelled from German territory rather than bombed from airplanes in the sky, were fleeing the city for safety. They stood in long lines before the ticket window, or sat on their baggage surrounding the line, the trunks and bags looking like miniature fortifications. They had been waiting all day for a ticket of leave. Mothers with families were there. It was like a land rush in Oklahoma. Certain ones brought food to those in line in order that the "waiters" should not lose their places. Emerging through the station we sighted a vacant omnibus in the darkness, which was chartered after an



WOODROW WILSON, PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES

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COL. EDWARD M. HOUSE

hour's parley. Rumbling through the once gay Rue de Rivoli, faintly before us gleamed the golden bronze statue of Jeanne d'Arc—the only ray of light—typifying the unconquerable spirit of France. Scattered here and there were green buoy lights bearing the inscription "*Abri* 80 persons." These were refuge places in times of raid.

The boulevard was as silent as a churchyard, except that the "big Bertha" shells boomed every twenty minutes like a death knell. In the hotel was a strange silence. A solemn few loitered late over coffee. The streets were deserted except for stragglers here and there, who unconsciously either whistled a warning or uttered some sound as they approached. That night an air raid was on, but afterwards, when the "all clear" signal was given, there came a quietude like that of the old farm which only the crickets disturb, except in this instance it was broken by the occasional honking of automobiles, sounding like a school of barking walrus. Shiveringly I crawled into bed, not knowing what the night would bring. I came to the mental decision, "Well, if the bombs are coming, they'll come," and, kicking off the young feather bed, I slept soundly in bombarded Paris.

Morning found me without a bread ticket. The

cafe chairs outside on the pavement looked like spectres. The waiter could not understand my English, nor would he understand my hungry motions. I had to report to the Prefecture of Police, and before I had complied with the regulations of a civilian stranger entering Paris I had spent forty-nine francs in taxi fares.

In the basement of a dingy old municipal building, famous as the quarters of Voltaire, I received a *pain* ticket which looked like a calendar. For each day there was a coupon to clip off, and I felt like a Croesus as I enjoyed my first legalized bread in Paris. There was no butter or sugar. They handed me a bottle of saccharine, and the first cup was properly loaded; but the second cup caught the pearly drops from a cruse of vinegar nearby, mistaken for saccharine, and one cup of chicory was lost.

Champs Elysees, now covered with war huts, recalled memories of the laughing throngs of former days. Few people were to be seen in any of the parks. Any American who had been in Paris three or four months was a veteran with a great wealth of incidents as to the sufferings and deprivations he and others had endured.

A young American officer with some friends invited me to lunch. He said, "We will go to

Maxim's and see how it compares with the good old days, and if it looks like the stage setting in the 'Merry Widow.'" He hailed a cab. We entered with a lordly air, the cab started, wheeled around the corner, and—we were at Maxim's—the next door. I am told that the American Red Cross is utilizing the two upper floors and that these gay environments also serve as quarters for the chaplains. Maxim's was a war meal in name only. There was nothing lacking in the way of food, providing there is a maximum bank roll to match. The real difficulty in getting something to eat in Paris is in the morning, for the cafes do not open until nine—the old leisure hours are not entirely gone.

In my journeys among the French people, outside the purely political and cafe centers, especially in the little stores or homes and village plazas, I obtained some insight into the mind of the masses as it exists after four years of the most cruel war. With an alert interpreter, many of their comments were noted, especially those favorable and unfavorable ones about the fat American. The valorous spirit of France was omnipresent. A group around a coffee table was discussing in subdued and earnest voices the mystery of the big gun. One officer in the group

was later dismissed for repeating a false rumor of victory. Comment, on the part of soldiers, is especially forbidden. When the big gun first boomed, it was thought to be some new kind of air raid, but Paris was becoming accustomed to these. When the alarm is given by the siren whistle and the fire department is in action, people rush to the *abri*, or into metro or subway tubes, where they remain until the safety signal is given. When the truth was realized, due to the regularity of the firing, and with no airplanes in sight, the long-range gun brought a shudder, especially in one district within the range.

There was something weird in the "dud" or shell of the "La Belle Bertha" found in Paris. A "dud" is a shell which did not explode. The bombardment killed more people than the siege of Paris in the Franco-Prussian war. That does not mean as many fatalities, because in the siege deaths were mostly from starvation. The British had a gun in 1885 that carried sixty miles, but this gun had a range of approximately seventy miles. The long-range "Bertha" is not a mystery. It is an eight-and-one-quarter shell fired from a fifteen-inch gun, very thin, with brass rims to protect the gas. The skill was in calculating the range. It was fired eighteen miles high at an angle of 66

degrees. The rarified atmosphere at this tremendous height offered less resistance than lower altitudes and the shell fell at an angle of 60 degrees.

The wonder of it all is that the Germans were able to find the target and make their calculations. They could not change their aim readily, and that is why the shells nearly all fell in one particular district of Paris, and why there were busy times moving to get outside of the firing line. When the gun was silenced for a few nights, there was a relief, but then another "Bertha" bombed forth.

When the residents started to leave the city, as this big gun began to deposit shells with frightful regularity, some of the French *defeatists* began crying, "*C'est fini*"—it is finished!" They prayed the government to again move the capital to Bordeaux. One man stood adamant—it was the "Tiger"—Clemenceau. In the turbulent ups and downs of his stormy public life, Clemenceau had added another chapter to the story of his career. He became the man of the hour. He refused even to argue, declaring, "No, this is the capital of France; we do not leave. If you go, you may be shot as deserters."

The crisis passed, for Clemenceau knows no fear.

IV

FACE TO FACE WITH CLEMENCEAU—"THE TIGER"

FOR years in far-off America I heard of a man, prominent in French affairs, a teacher in a New England institution in early life, and one of the outstanding figures I wished to meet. On this side of the water people do not realize the power of that personality in the present world conflict. The moment you are on French soil, among the soldiers and workers, you hear the name before you leave the dock. It gathers lustre every hour of your journey and haunts you after you have come away—and that name is Clemenceau!

On the train I met a peasant woman who had a basket of eggs. She gave me one, and together we enjoyed the trick of sucking the contents through a pinhole—and that old French woman voiced the same sentiment when she said to my interpreter, "Tell the American our hope is in Clemenceau." Nearby sat a pensive young woman in

weeds. There was a tender melancholy in her dark eyes that one could not forget. She had been suffering, having lost her husband, father, and four brothers. She ate her simple luncheon in silence, but at the name of Clemenceau her eyes brightened. Then, too, there was a young French boy of sixteen, testing his English, who told me, in broken accents, young as he was, how anxious he was to take the place of his father who was killed at the Marne, adding:

"I seem to hear the voice of Clemenceau calling me to fight."

In the cafes and on the streets there was the same talk of Clemenceau. All this recalled an interview I had with the late W. T. Stead (who went down with the *Titanic*), at his home in Wimbledon, in England, in 1906. The wizard interviewer of world celebrities referred to Clemenceau as the "Warwick of French Politics."

My first question to the American Ambassador in Paris was:

"Do you think you could arrange for me to see Clemenceau?"

Mr. Sharpe replied: "I'll try—but I think not."

His telephonic message to the War Department did not promise much, although the Ambassador sent in my name and graciously offered to go with

me in person. Remembering the tribute which "Boots" had paid me, I was still determined to try.

The appearance of Clemenceau in the Chamber of Deputies is an event, and the people flock to hear him and always read his every utterance. Seated on the upper bench, ready for all comers, shielding himself in tantalizing tersity, Clemenceau fearlessly meets every situation face to face.

More by chance than anything else, a day or two later I wandered into the Chamber of Deputies, an ancient building, dating back to the time of the Louis'. Large throngs were waiting for admittance long before the hour the Chamber convened, many of them speculating what Clemenceau would do. The admission card to the gallery from the Ambassador acted like magic, for the usher, in evening dress, with a chain about his neck (the insignia of his office), conducted me into the plush-lined box directly opposite the presiding officer. There I saw the members, seated on small benches rising above each other in narrow tiers which formed a semi-circle. The glass roof and rather dim light made me think of our American Senate Chamber. There was some excitement in the debate, although it involved but the interpretation of a word in the Pension Bill, as to whether a soldier should have a pension if

imprudence could be proved—the old question of contributory negligence. The members did not rise during a colloquy and everybody seemed to talk at once, without the courtesy of addressing one another. High up on a bench sat the presiding officer with a bell—not unlike the old dinner bell—which he would ring for order when the discussion became too riotous.

While I could not understand the drift of the discussion, action and gesture spoke louder than words. On the elevated benches behind the speaker were the few members of the cabinet. A startling revelation came to me as I glanced over the Chamber—there was no flag of France in sight—and to the American mind this was a shock, recalling the great flag which hangs in the House of Representatives and the American devotion to the national colors. The gallery seemed to lack interest—for Clemenceau was not there.

Where he was I did not know. Perhaps he had been putting in most of the day at the front, for it was his custom to go out at dawn and hold conferences with Generals Foch, Petain and Pershing. He forms the connecting link between the armies in the field and the Chamber of Deputies. Whatever he finds is needed at the front he goes to the Chamber to see that it is provided. His

visits to the American troops are memorable occasions. The American boys crowd around him and he has a greeting for all.

The Chamber of Deputies meets at two o'clock in the afternoon, and it was rare in the old days that Clemenceau did not appear. Like Mann and Kitchen of the House of Representatives, or Gallinger and Overman of the United States Senate, Clemenceau seemed to know every feeling and caprice of passing legislation. He sensed the hour when parliamentary squalls were coming.

From the boy of nineteen, when he was arrested at the foot of the Bastile column for shouting "*Vive la Republique,*" on to the time when, at the siege of Paris, he returned to be elected *maire* of the 18th arrondissement, and even up to the present, he was being fitted for the glorious sunset of his career. The allied struggle is providing the setting for the admonition which his father once gave him. When his sire was arrested at the time of Napoleon's *coup d'etat* in 1851, young Clemenceau, his soul aflame, said to his father: "Father, I will avenge you!" "If you want to avenge me," cried the sire—"work." Retiring at eight every evening and rising at three every morning, it may be questioned if any other man in conspicuous public life adds greater luster to

the word "work" than the ever-active French Premier.

The ups and downs of his public career have been many. He, with others, was embroiled in the Panama Canal scandal, but he came out unscathed. He laid all his private accounts before his accusers which revealed that he had even borrowed money of a notary in order to live, and was unable to give his daughter a marriage portion, being obliged to live for years in the same house, paying for his furnishings on the yearly instalment plan.

The dramatic story of the Chamber of Deputies for the last forty-seven years finds no more conspicuous figure than Clemenceau. He belongs to the severe French school of literature. In speaking and writing, his style is as polished as a rapier, and he meets his opponents with the art of a fencer, having engaged in many physical duels.

From the day, seventy-seven years ago, when he was born in Brittany, in the little village of La Vendee, where the granite promontory thrusts itself out into the sea, its ragged rocks ever battling with wave and tide, Clemenceau has exemplified in private and public life those rugged physical and mental qualities suggestive of the place of his birth.

As I wandered back through the corridors and secured my hat and coat from the check room (the same as leaving a theater), I went down to the lobby where the members of the Chamber gather after adjournment. Here my courier, Pace, took me in hand.

I told him I must see Clemenceau. He shook his head. I said again I *must*. He took my remarks literally, and almost before I knew it we were passing through an old corridor alongside a wall, and through a gate into another ante-room. At each gate my passports and letters were examined. Finally we crossed a courtyard and entered a rambling low building which was the headquarters of the Minister de Guerre. As President of the Chamber, the Premier of France is the real ruler of the republic, and it is given to every premier to choose his own portfolio. Clemenceau naturally decided to head the War Department. Inside another room, where a covered billiard table indicated relaxation in peace days, my card was again taken in, and I indulged in a hurried glance around. A voice speaking in English in the adjoining room was heard. Just then the same voice was saying; and supplementing the words in French; "That's persistence; show him in."

Little did I realize that this was the voice of Clemenceau.

I entered a somewhat darkened room. In an open grate smoldered a dingy coal fire. A medium-sized figure was moving toward me. On his head was a small, round hat with triangular earlaps tied overhead. As I neared I saw a certain ironical smile on his face. But there was no mistaking the countenance. In less time than it takes to tell it, I was face to face with Clemenceau—"the Tiger."

I had no sooner extended greetings from America than immediately a warm hand was thrust into mine, and he said, with a power which thrilled me: "I love America." Clemenceau is not a man of words. In no sense does he pass for what is called a polite man. Yet there was such a ring of sincerity in his words that I was strongly drawn to him.

When I announced that I was in France to get some good stuff for the American people to read, and asked him what he read, he interrupted quickly, saying:

"Read? I read nothing. Newspapers, magazines, nothing! This is no time for me to read—it is time to work and act—work to win the war."

As his clear, and to me surprisingly, epigrammatic English fell on my ears, I was ready myself

to go out and fight for this man. With a wave of his hand, he proffered a chair. In seeking for some common ground on which to stand, I found myself searching for a touch of gentleness which he had portrayed in the one novel (*"Le Plus Fort"*) which he has written on the philosophy of superman.

As he squared himself and I looked into his eyes, I saw a face of rugged strength. I recalled his christening with the sobriquet which he bears today. As Clemenceau entered his editorial den one night, a French journalist turned to his friends and said: "Here comes the Tiger." And from that day to this the name has been spelled with a big T rather than a little one.

His face is round, made massive by high cheek bones, his eyes, deep-set, flash with the glint of steel, though at times are liquid with tenderness. His brow is broad and high. A drooping mustache covers what I knew to be a strong mouth. His head is bald, set off at the height of his ears by silken gray hair. His gestures consisted largely of a sweep of the hand across and in front of him, as if pointing out the whole field of action. Occasionally he brought his fists down like a hammer, every movement indicating a dynamic man, full of power and electric energy. The wisdom of age and

the strength of youth in rare combination. No wonder Germany fears him!

Some who have talked with him have remarked about his flippancy. There was none of it apparent in my glimpse of the man. He was in dead earnest about everything. The only trace of lightness in his speech was when I pointed to a portrait on the wall saying:

"A great man, I suppose?"

"An ass!" he jerked.

Pointing to another, he anticipated my question, and said:

"A very great man. We must have contrasts."

"Our American boys are arriving," I ventured.

"Yes," said he, "and they are learning to dig, like our own Poilus. It is better to lose four men than four hundred."

His secretary entered and said something to him. Then I noticed the clear, legible writing of the Premier as he made a few notes. When I indicated that I sometimes made speeches, he said:

"I make no more speeches. It is time to work. No time to talk. 'Yes' and 'No' cover essentials."

Evidently he carries out that conviction. At the Allied Conference in Paris, the one man who could have talked made the shortest speech on record. "We're here to work; let us work."

When the question of politics seeped into our conversation he snapped, "I do not like politicians, I like patriots."

No wonder the French people recalled him to lead their destinies in this, their hour of greatest crisis! A hater of shams, a lover of realities, a patriot, in no sense a partisan, this Spartan has only one consideration—his country.

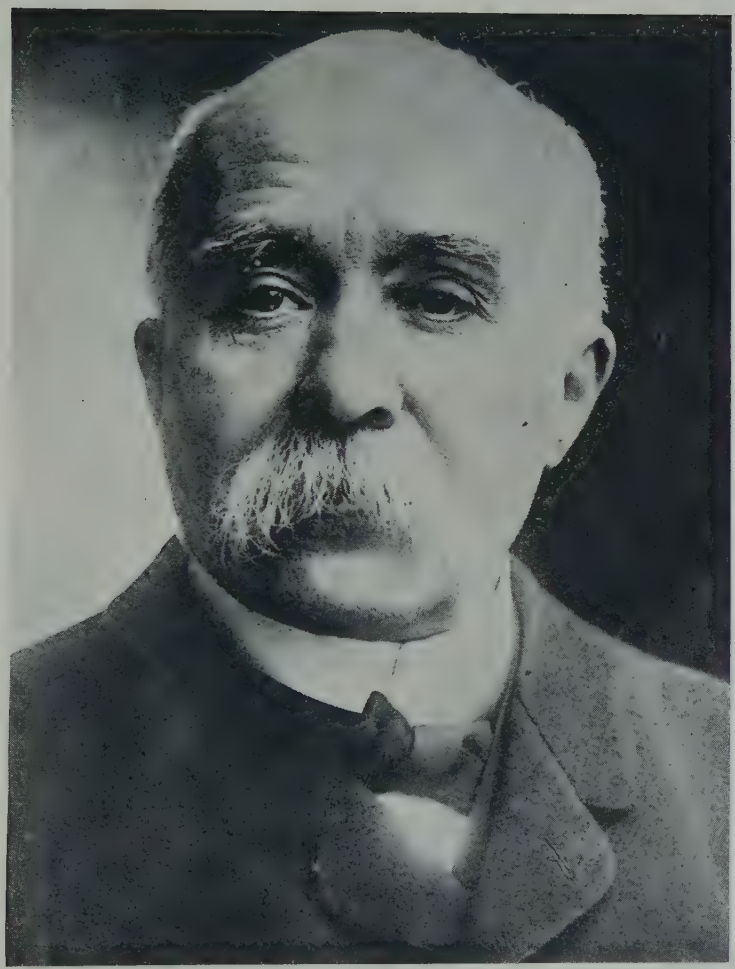
How fortunate, indeed, is France to have him. His active life covers two great wars. When the King Charles' peace letter, making overtures looking toward the autonomy of Alsace-Lorraine was mentioned, he said:

"I know the German tricks—and so does the United States."

He probably, as no other living man, is alert for Prussian intrigues. Schooled in literature, in medicine, in science, in politics, in diplomacy, he brings his vast knowledge to bear on the one vital purpose—the triumph of Democracy.

As I saw him, whether standing, sitting in a chair, or perched on the edge of a table dangling his feet, he acted as if he were accustomed to premiership.

Some dispatches were brought in. Taking them up, he made his notations on each with a plebeian lead pencil—a word or two at most—and passed



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FRENCH "75" BOMBARDING GERMAN TRENCH

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CLEMENCEAU, "THE TIGER," REVIEWING BRITISH TROOPS

them on. No fuss, no haste. Every movement strong, determined, clear. "I may be dead," he said, glancing up, "when this war is won, but—it will be won!"

I ventured to ask him if he had met any of the Commission from America looking toward post-war conditions.

"Yes," he said, "but this is not the time for me to think of that. The work of the war comes first."

Then drawing his chair so close to me that his knees touched mine, putting one hand on my shoulder and clenching his fist, he assumed an attitude like that of the tiger he is. There was fire in his eyes. His great jaw set; he said:

"It is the supreme thing in my life to win the war."

I arose to go. The slanting sun shone through the window of the old building.

"Have you any message to send to America?" I ventured.

With a pathos like that of a benediction and as comforting, he said:

"Tell them I love America."

V

WITH PERSHING AND HIS MEN

NATURALLY the first man I wanted to see on arriving in France was General John J. Pershing. What American wouldn't? Fortunately for me, he had just arrived in Paris from the front. The message that he would see me no sooner came than I was off.

His pretentious headquarters are located in the palace built by Napoleon's old guard, Marshal Lanes. The monogram M. L. still stands in the gable of the roof. The approach is by a crescent driveway. A great array of chalk-covered automobiles stood about, giving evidence of having just come in from the front. The house is owned by Mrs. Ogden Reed of New York, who graciously turned it over to the government for General Pershing's headquarters.

As you enter the spacious reception hall, an information desk stands at the extreme end and over it on one side is the tri-color of France, and

on the other the Stars and Stripes, so placed that their folds join in clinging embrace—eloquent emblems of the affectionate unity of the two republics.

Colonel Boyd met me and took me for a hurried glance around. The pictures hanging on the walls were covered, as was also the luxurious furniture. All the splendor of the old palace was shrouded in the gray monotone of war times.

Through one of the rooms used with others for conferences, I was conducted to the rear and into a luxuriant rustic garden—the scene of many a social function in the old Empire days. In the center stood a small tea-house surrounded with irregular benches. Trees of great age pushed out of the sod. Shrubs graced the nooks and walks. All were resplendent in golden spring green. Birds even were singing in the trees. It was a delightful sylvan retreat in the very heart of Paris.

It was in the dining-room to the right of the reception hall that I stood in the presence of General Pershing—the man on whom rest the eyes of all America. Can I ever forget the moment or the wave of emotion which swept over me! As he advanced to greet me, I forgot for the time the great general he was. His manner was so simple, so cordial, so characteristically American, he seemed

more like a brother. Clad in a plain khaki uniform adorned simply with the insignia of his rank, on his breast was the prismatic service ribbon. The fine lines of his face were drawn into a determination I had never before seen. Even his mustache was croppy and bristling. His movements and words were few. Responsibility rested heavily upon him. Yet underneath all radiated a marked tenderness and gentle regard.

Every moment of his time contained such a deposit of duty that I merely told him I was the bearer of a flag sent by the women of Boston for the 26th Division. I recited to him the occasion when, at a brilliant military ball at the Copley-Plaza in Boston, the commission to deliver the flag was imposed upon me. He had received newspaper clippings of the event and was somewhat familiar with the import of my mission. When I told him that in speaking on this occasion I had talked on "Chivalry," he arose quickly from the round table and impassionately said: "Chivalry—that's the thing! There is not a man in the ranks who has not the thought of some woman in his breast, and that woman is thinking of him. That's the anchorage of the American Army today—the American woman."

Then relaxing for a moment, as if duty called,

he said: "Are you ready to go to the front?" I assented. Suddenly pointing outside, he said: "See this beautiful garden. Here is my oasis. I come here often for a glimpse of this restful spot, even for only a moment, before returning to the chalky roads which lead to the front."

We turned away from the garden to the dining-room. On the table, among other things, was a pie sent by an American woman for the General.

"That brings back visions of old Missouri," said the General. And for the first, and only time I think, I saw a smile on his face.

Just at this time a message came for him. I saw the lines deepen on his face as he said, "I must be off to the front."

The world will not soon forget his speech to Generalissimo Foch, delivered during those memorable days in March and April, 1918, when the German waves were washing over the barriers of the British and French, and when, sinking all pride in his own separate army, he offered all the forces of the United States in what are destined to be immortal words: "Do with us as you like." That utterance will live alongside Lincoln's Gettysburg speech as long as American history is recited.

It was made on March 28th, the darkest day

of the war, and was magical in its effect on France and the Allies.

(Translation)

"DO WITH US AS YOU LIKE"

In the course of a reunion, which was held on the 18th of March, 1918, at the front, to which General Petain, M. Clemenceau and M. Loucheur were present, General Pershing was presented to General Foch and said to him:

"I come to say to you that the American people will consider it a great honor that our troops may engage in the present battle. I ask it in my name and in theirs. At this time there is no question but to fight. The infantry, the artillery, and the aviation—all that we have, is yours. Do with us as you like. Other troops will be coming in such numbers as will be found necessary.

"I am come expressly to say to you that the American people will be proud to engage in this greatest battle of history."

Pershing's speech has been printed in French on a small card which just fits into the pocket. The General's picture is at the top and underneath the famous sentence, "Do with us as you like." It is not an unusual thing to see soldiers take this card out of their pockets saying, "This is our French text-book."

Shortly after my arrival, I met a young officer who had returned from one of the gatherings where Pershing delivered one of his classic addresses to his officers. His face was aglow. He said: "Any-

one who wouldn't be ready to go to glory for the old flag after hearing Pershing talk is not an American."

Other officers, as they came out of the barracks, were imbued with the same spirit, and in them there was evidence of a reconsecration to a great cause.

To read his famous speech to Foch, one can easily imagine the kind of talk he gives to his officers.

Leaving the headquarters, I made my way to the office of the Provost Marshal at Rue Ste. Anne, located in an old hotel. Every American who goes to the war zone and every soldier who comes to Paris must report here. I wanted a military pass to the zone of operations. It was given only after every detail had been covered. It was stamped and re-stamped. Here all the American communiques are given out, and the censoring of mail is done. While standing there I heard a colonel giving and saw officers receiving telephone messages from the front. It was as if they were talking with some one in a far-off land, and in my imagination I could almost hear the roar of the cannon.

Scattered along the streets were American soldiers, the first I had seen in any considerable

numbers. Only one thousand American soldiers are allowed in Paris at a time. In the hotel I saw them sitting at a big mess table eating their chow.

Ste. Anne's is the first place soldiers go on arriving in France, and it is a jocular saying commonly heard among newcomers, "Have you been up to Anne's?"

Once out on the boulevard I made haste for the train. American soldiers with bands marked M. P. on their arms looked up in surprise when I approached. They did not expect to see an American in civilian clothes. When addressed they would smile and say: "When did you arrive?" "When do you expect to go back home?"

I came near missing my train in taking the addresses of those to whom they wished to be remembered.

As I passed Hotel Mediterranean it seemed familiar to see soldiers from the Quartermaster's Department playing baseball in the park. Though I had but a moment, I could not resist pausing and joining in the well-known shouts. Reaching the gate at the station, I found to my embarassment I had stowed away my pass so carefully that not until I had turned some twenty-two pockets inside out, could I find it, and then it was in the first pocket I had searched. Such is the perversity

of a military pass. Because I kept the procession waiting, the gate-keeper directed somewhat emphatic French at me.

Once on the train, I found myself surrounded with soldiers, one of whom was a lieutenant from Minnesota. On his arm were two stripes, indicating that he had already been wounded twice at the front. I listened to the incidents he told in open-mouthed wonder, yet they were related in the most matter-of-fact way.

At last I was off to the front. A fever of interest grew with every mile. In a short time we were skirting the Marne, looking at the now historic battlefield where the surging tides of steel had met. The early spring verdure was aglow and Nature was making a brave attempt to hide the ugly scars of the terrible conflict. Here and there was a clump of trees, their white hearts still torn open as if to indicate where the scourge swept on. There were the roads along which Galleni's hastily organized taxi-cab troops rushed at the critical moment to stem the helmeted Hun and save Paris. Later I stood in the fields where hundreds of thousands had died. The Marne coursed its way onward to the sea placid and serene, giving little indication of the tumult that had surged around it. At far-off Amiens and Arras

the guns were booming in the effort to check the thrust toward the Channel.

Winding our way through the valleys, there were fresh evidences of war's devastation. On the little railroads flat cars loaded with men and guns were making their way toward the battle front; on other trains French troops on a furlough were going home.

Leaving the train at Gondrecourt, we took a motor for the zone of operations. Out across flat plains, suggestive of the prairies of Dakota, our car sped on. The distant boom of the guns, faint at first, increased in number and tone with every mile of the journey. Now and then our car would edge past lines of troops going to the front—and they were our boys, too! As I went by I felt ashamed to ride. I wanted to get out and walk with them. Then we would encounter artillery as it rattled along. The soldiers always saluted and we felt proud to return it. Sometimes I saw them in the French villages fraternizing with the natives, picking up and exchanging phrases and winning popularity. Now and then motor-cycles flew on, the riders covered with white chalk of the roads. Orderlies, goggle-eyed and dust-covered, looked like beetles as they whirred away to and from headquarters.

This was the Valley of the Meuse, dotted with farm-houses that were grouped in little villages. At Domremy we found the birthplace of Jeanne d'Arc.

"Let's sing it," suggested Bristol, and out rang the popular song of "Joan of Arc." It ended with the stirring refrain of the "Marseillaise."

Approaching farms, it was rather shocking to the esthetic taste to find manure piles in the front yard rather than in the rear of the barn as in America. Yet the question of fertilizer is an important one, and the size of the manure heap is an indication of the wealth of the farmer. The natives seem to be well accustomed to living rooms adjoining stables.

It was in this primitive village, far from the gay life of the city, that the Maid of Orleans was born. Her home stands sheltered by a group of scraggly trees. Children were playing in the yard, seemingly all unconscious of the historic setting. Nearby is the church where she was baptized, while yonder on the crest of the hill stand the beautiful memorial towers erected on the spot where she saw the vision and went away to lead the armies of France. Here the flower of young American manhood was coming to shed its blood to help save the France she had defended. In this sector held by American troops, the spirit

of Jeanne d'Arc will linger and find a worthy reincarnation in the soldiers from over seas.

After two hours' ride over circular roads and across wide stretching plains, through village after village, we came at last to Neufchateau. The first Yankee Division was stationed here. The quaint little old buildings, shops and courtways are today familiar objects to our American soldiers. The "M. P." is at the street corners directing the surging traffic the same as on Broadway. Everything in the army is designated by initials. Over one office is the "A. O.," and over another "C. O." and so on, each combination having its own meaning.

At Neufchateau the billets of the American soldiers were in barns where cattle had previously been stabled. With customary regard for sanitary conditions, these structures had been cleaned until the group of buildings resembled a dairy lunch kitchen.

At Boucq I visited the quarters of Sibley, of the *Boston Globe*. It furnishes a good sample of the billets occupied by some soldiers. It is situated on a crag at the corner of a road. A narrow hall runs through the middle of the building, opening off of which is Sib's bedroom. Directly across the hall on the same floor is the cow's room.

Chickens have the right of way in the houses. When "Sib" retired the previous night he found two chickens roosting on the high post at the head of the bed.

Standing on the high hill or parapet at Boucq at night and overlooking the Valley of the Meuse, I had my first glimpse of a creeping barrage. In the distant darkness the line of fire could be clearly seen. It was like spraying fluid flame from a nozzle or a crackling prairie fire. It was one of the most haunting spectacles I ever witnessed. On the night of my arrival at Neufchateau I thought I might have to come back to headquarters, but my chauffeur told me I could stay with him. He was from Waco, Texas. He said: "I came down here to break horses for the cavalry, but there is no cavalry and so I am breaking automobiles instead."

It was dark when we set out for what he spoke of as his sleeping quarters. We had no lights, and he drove with a devil-may-care spirit, making the telephone poles whizz past in a continuous stream, and lighting up the darkness with lurid profanity, arriving in front of a pretentious stone house at one a.m. Going in he led me to the front room in which there was a piano, paintings on the walls, and a carpet on the floor. On one side stood a

high-posted ancestral bed and on it I noticed an eiderdown quilt. "This is my room," he said.

"How do you manage it?" I queried.

"Oh, a snap," he answered. "Room and breakfast, eight francs a week!"

In the morning I learned the reason. There was a knock at the door and the kindly-faced matron, wife of a French captain at the front, appeared to ascertain why my companion was still sleeping. I was up and shaving. Going to the bed and waking him with motherly solicitude, she pointed to the clock to signify he was late in getting up. In his broken French he tried to tell her that he was late in getting in. Quickly jumping into his clothes and while winding his puttees, three girls passed the door which the elderly woman had left open. They called out to my companion, "*Bonjour! Monsieur.*" And then, as if to explain how he happened to have such quarters, he said: "I'm engaged to one of them, but I'll be darned if I know which one it is."

But a night in the trenches! There's not much humor there. It was sable night as I entered. I could have wished for a moon, but that would mean a raid. The stars shone with double magnitude. It was gruesome business stumbling over the duck boards, perhaps missing and going knee-deep

in the mud. Except for an occasional sentry, there is next to nothing to see or do except just grope. Even after the sentry gets your password and spirits himself into darkness, there is no sound save splashing feet.

Coming to the first firing shelf, it may be that Fritz has accommodatingly thrown up a flare, revealing a white face peering into the lighted gloom—but even he does not turn to look. The Germans have a star-shell with a parachute, which floats over the lines for a long time—a devilish contrivance, lending picturesqueness to the scene. Firing posts multiply, and in each there are eyes watching, not you, but out into the darkness.

Moving on you know there are countless soldiers near, but you see them not. They are down in the dugouts asleep, or consuming the smoke of a smouldering fire. A night in the trenches! The tensity of it all no tongue can tell!

And dawn? How eagerly eyes look for the first spires of light in the distant horizon! In that semi-darkness it is as if you were looking over a dead sea—wave after wave rolls away, but all are motionless.

Imagination works on high speed, and over that field of death Boches are coming straight toward you, not one but many. The plop of the machine

gun, the waking mortar, the whinny of the bullet causes a heart throb to answer every explosion. No wonder eager eyes look for the dawn!

One soldier said to me, "I've seen more sunrises in France than I ever saw in my whole life before."

Yet even in the trenches there is some humor. One incident I shall never forget. Seated on one of the sand bags was a soldier who proved to be a Scotchman. He was distinguished from the others by the sweep of his hand downward and over his coat. At first I thought he was brushing off the dust and the mud, but while I watched the wincing movements of his shoulders, I suspected it was something else. It dawned upon me in a jiffy—they were "cooties." As he continued brushing, I said, "Getting rid of them, Jock?"

With a rich Scotch burr, he replied, "Oh no; just taking them as they come."

Aside from the mud, it was about the only thing I brought away from the trenches. Jock was getting ready to go back of the lines for a "dip," which means that while he is getting his "dip," his clothes are "dipped" also.

As I came away, the air was filled with planes, circling to and fro and humming like a reaper in a distant harvest field, taking, it may be, their toll of death. Sausage balloons were forming a line in

DISPOSEZ DE NOUS COMME IL VOUS PLAIRA

Au cours d'une réunion qui fut tenue le 28 mars 1918, sur le front et à laquelle assistaient le général Pétain, M. Clemenceau et M. Loucheur, le général Pershing s'est présenté au général Foch et lui a dit:

Je viens pour vous dire que le peuple américain tiendrait à grand honneur que nos troupes fussent engagées dans la présente bataille. Je vous le demande en mon nom et au sien. Il n'y a pas en ce moment d'autre question que de combattre. L'infanterie, l'artillerie, l'aviation, tout ce que nous avons est à vous. Disposez-en comme il vous plaira. Il en viendra encore d'autres, aussi nombreux qu'il sera nécessaire.

Je suis venu tout exprès pour vous dire que le peuple américain serait fier d'être engagé dans la plus belle bataille de l'Histoire.

"DO WITH US AS YOU LIKE"

Printed in French, these famous words of Pershing's are given wide circulation (*See page* 38)

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GENERAL JOHN J. ("FIGHTING JACK") PERSHING

The telegram he is reading interests him—it tells of an American advance

the sky, indicating the battle line below. With sky alive with destruction, and earth rocking with explosives, I needed nothing more to realize—this was war.

VI

WITH THE AMERICAN TROOPS IN A GAS MASK

AFTER a few hours in the zone of operations, I began to feel like a regular soldier, for I was now given my own gas mask, duly initialed. Soldiers are as careful about their gas masks as they are about their tooth brushes. Woe to the man who appropriates another's gas mask, or carries off his match box—an unwritten law soon learned.

On this day everyone was ordered to take his gas mask. There was a full attendance at the rehearsal, the time consumed in adjusting it varying from four to forty seconds. The forties were left behind.

Only one in the party was ununiformed, but he had qualified, and when they saw him sailing past in the motor car, the coat tails of his summer overcoat flying, they said: "He looks like a real lady."

The mask is carried in a knapsack, slung

over the shoulder like a hunter's pouch. Some of the soldiers had two, a short-lived one for emergency, and another capable of enduring for a longer period.

I began experimenting with my gas mask to see if I could break my record of twenty-three. The same shudder came over me as I adjusted it and took the rubber bit in my teeth, for it must be held firmly in the mouth. The nose grip put an end to any breathing I had known before. All air must come through the neutralizer and be drawn into the mouth through the rubber tube. The first sensation is that of smothering, especially if the contrivance is not adjusted properly.

Remembering my speech of the night before, one of the lieutenants said: "Now we've got you fixed properly; we're protected for awhile anyhow."

I had just taken it off, saying, "What's the use of practicing when there's no chance to use it?" Our motor buzzed on.

Our laughter suddenly ceased. For through the air came a strange sound, an intermittent "zip," "zip," "zip." The chauffeur chucked on the emergency, shouting, "There's a gas shell now! Dive quick!" The masks were on before we reached the ground. In a ditch by the side of the road, close to Mother Earth, we waited.

Lying face down, looking through the goggles at the beetles in the grass, I had never been so close to nature before. Just then I felt like bugs and little ants, with whom I had something in common. I had often used the expression "Mother Earth," but had never understood it before. For the first time I realized that it would not be so hard to be buried in her arms after all. For was she not even now protecting me from Heinie's mustard gas?

Feeling a little cramped, I found courage to move one leg, when I heard something—a "z-zish-h-h-h" in the air—which sounded like the Twentieth Century Limited rushing by. Again I sought a closer acquaintance with the creeping things and dirt.

It was not necessary for anyone to tell me that it was a '75 or better. It doesn't take long to learn the peculiar song of the shells.

My close study in entomology, which seemed hours in duration, was interrupted by the lieutenant, who called out, "All clear." When I pulled off the mask, just common air never seemed so good before.

The roads were lined with piles of crushed stone to be used for repair at a moment's notice. Trees planted by order of Napoleon had been

ruthlessly cut down to supply timber. Gaunt stumps haunted the highways. Roads used for centuries were sunken under the strain of traffic. On either side of the highways farmers were at work in the fields, though within the range of the guns. Along the roads, curling through the valleys like tarnished gold, were long lines of batteries hurrying to and from the front, those returning covered with mud and having the appearance of hard service. Yet in the eye of every soldier there was the "go-glint" and gleam which said, "We are coming back with some German bacon."

Spinning through the villages beyond the speed limit, we came to the great American aviation headquarters, where the fighting squadron is located. There was supreme satisfaction in hearing that the French, British and American air forces had secured the mastery of the Vodka, Fokker and Gotha machines of the Huns. Subsequent records have more than verified the camp talk at that time. The dashing spirit of the Allied aviators, together with their swift machines, have checked the venturesome Boche.

The thrill of one group cannot be described, when we saw Winslow leave the earth with a swoop, just missing the Boche as he came across the line, and with a masterful nose dive bring him

to the ground. This was all compassed in six minutes, a stop-watch being held by one of the machinists. Six brief minutes from the time of the ascent until the Boche had made a ghastly dent in the sod.

The "aces" talk little of their work, insisting it is not a matter of deliberation so much as instinct. They give no reason for the things they do—they just do them with an unerring intuition. The fine sense of balance, coupled with the daring and vitality of youth, is making itself felt in the aviation records.

When the Allies began bombing German cities there was the cry of "Kamerad," and the Germans protested against attacks on civilians and non-combatants, forgetting what they had been doing with impunity in myriad raids over France, England and Italy, their victims numbering into thousands. Among the aviators the feeling prevailed that attacks from the air would yet play an important part in ending the war.

Soaring dragons swooping down from the sky, like the vengeance of heaven, fires the imagination of the fighting squadrons on Allied aviation fields. Here the houses were covered with spruce trees, and camouflage was everywhere in evidence as we neared the range of guns. The objective

point of our trip was Toul, the great canal center of France. It is here one realizes how much of the traffic of this nation is handled by canals. Seventy per cent of the population of France are farmers, and most of their produce is transported by canals. This land of the ancient Gauls has for centuries been producing sustenance for a mighty race. In an old deserted residence, where the assistant Provost Marshal lived, we had to show our passes. Here the soldiers had drawn a calendar on the plaster of the wall with lead pencil to keep track of the dates. Apparently there was a dearth of 1918 calendars. A tiny military narrow-gauge railroad paralleled the road, and the little locomotives as they pushed along their loads looked like toys compared to America's great mogul engines. They seemed to be trying to compete with the rumbling army trucks and Red Cross caravans which crowded the roadways with supplies for the troops.

At ——— is located a great veterinary hospital in which were thousands of horses—some had been wounded in all sorts of ways, some were stone blind from mustard gas, although, like the men, they will recover their sight in a few weeks. Every horse in France is valuable, being worth over a thousand dollars, and they are given every

care. In vast barracks, originally built by the Germans during the Franco-Prussian war, was stationed the famous ——— regiment. This regiment held a meeting that evening, and I never heard a more ringing speech than that delivered by the Colonel to his men, and his tribute to their clean and sturdy manhood, as indicated by their medical tests and in the work which they had accomplished, would have moved the folks at home could they have heard it.

Apples, which had just arrived from their native state, were being distributed. We sat about in the dim candle light eating them, as at a Hallowe'en party.

Around a bend and up a hill, still passing sentinels who stopped us for identification at every turn, we came upon an old chateau, headquarters of the ——— division. It was owned by a retired French officer, and had been in his family for years. Here I enjoyed baked beans (my favorite Boston Saturday evening dish) with the commander, and it was to him I delivered the flag from the women of Boston and gave their message to the boys. An air of peace and quietness prevailed, but it was the ominous silence which precedes an attack from the "storm troops" of the Germans. It was hard even then to realize that we were

within reach of the great guns of the greatest war in history. There was a grim look on the face of the General as he said:

"It seems quiet today, but we can never be sure."

While I was at Major General ———'s headquarters, an orderly announced that a young soldier was dying at the hospital. When his name was given, the General said, "Look up and see if he hasn't a decoration." He learned that none had come in. The Major General got up and went down to the hospital and found the boy. The General patted him on the chest and said: "It's all right, my lad, you've won the greatest honors."

The boy had missed the *Croix de Guerre*, the one great passion of a soldier, but he had gained something far greater: he had won the commendation of his Commander, and died supremely happy. For the soldiers see the cause through their superior officers.

Returning to headquarters, the General, his jaw set, and his lip slightly trembling, said: "By God! our boys have discipline and stout hearts."

The rewards of service on the battlefield were shown on the day when the 104th regiment was decorated by General Passaga, commanding the 32nd French Army Corps. The whole regiment

was drawn up on the parade grounds, and amid impressive ceremonies and the music of bands, the *Croix de Guerre* was pinned to the regimental colors, and over a hundred individual members were also decorated with the *Croix de Guerre*. The order was as follows:

32nd Army Corps
Staff
1st Bureau
PERSONNEL

H.Q. April 26th, 1918

GENERAL ORDER No. 737/a

General PASSAGA, commanding the 32nd Army Corps, cites in Army Corps Orders:

104TH REGIMENT OF INFANTRY, AMERICAN,
under command of Lt.-Colonel G. H. SHELTON:

"For greatest fighting spirit and self-sacrifice during action of April 10th, 12th and 13th, 1918. Suffering from very heavy bombardments and attacked by very strong German forces, succeeded in preventing their dangerous advance and with great energy recaptured at the point of the bayonet the few ruined trenches which had to be abandoned at the first onset, at the same time making prisoners."

General PASSAGA,
Commanding, 32nd Army Corps

The fight at ———— a few days before had resulted in many casualties, but it had also made

the German traveling circus pay dearly. Up early at 4 a.m., and through the trenches, General ——— surveys the day's work before the dawn, because it is not safe around the trenches in the daylight. A division headquarters is run with all the system of a great manufacturing plant. The airplane scouts go over the enemy lines daily and bring back pictures showing locations of the fortifications of enemy troops. These photographs are printed and every detail studied. Nothing is overlooked by the watchful eyes along that twelve-mile sector.

The ——— division was the first to be organized in France, and it was the first to take over an entire sector. The headquarters of an army are spread out in fan shape. The division headquarters are at the apex of that fan. Then, on either side, are located the brigades, and spreading from the brigades are the regiments. From the regiments are the companies, usually three in front and two behind. It may be some consolation to American mothers to know that it is for very little time, at best, in the movement of troops, that their boys remain in the front lines. They move forward to the front and then to the rear automatically.

When I rode over to the new headquarters of the 102nd regiment, made up of Connecticut boys, I met the heroes of a bitter fight, in which the losses

were heavy. On cots of straw the boys from New Haven, Bristol, and Hartford were resting, and it was from their lips that I heard the story of their hard-fought battle, told with all the piquancy of a bear hunt. All these men were eager to take their place in the front line trenches, and not a face along the line, in spite of the casualties, had a look of hesitancy. One brought forth a lapel taken off a German, No. 257. He also showed me a pistol which he had taken from his prisoner.

The General suggested that I see the soldiers in a regiment which was doing actual fighting, advising that I mingle with the boys freely, getting their first-hand stories, rather than lingering around the officers' mess.

I visited this regiment, which was a few miles distant. Arriving at dusk, I could see the blinking light of three or four candles. As I drew nearer, the major and the officers were sitting around a table, talking over the day's doings. The little major, who had been in the thickest of the fight, was at the head of the table, looking as unconcerned as when constructing typewriters. In chumming with the boys I had heard how much they thought of him, and made free to tell him so; but he was too modest even to reply, and continued

introducing the other officers, some being from the French Army.

"It seems good to see something from home," said the merry adjutant, feeling of my summer overcoat.

"Tomorrow may be a busy day," said the major quietly. The face of every officer turned toward him, for the officers know by slight signs what may come. Soldiers have an uncanny intuition of orders before they are issued. They notice even the way the cook puts away the kettles. Nothing escapes them. It recalled what Bismarck wrote to the German leaders in one of his last letters: "Beware of going to war with the quick-thinking and quick-acting Americans."

As I went out among the soldiers, I realized afresh what he meant by the quick adjustment the regiment had made to the new conditions of their camp. Little things showed the inventive knack of the Americans.

All have an ambition to bring back some trophy —a helmet or pistol—anything belonging to the equipment of Fritz. The "hunting spirit" is keen among them. On the firing line and under fire one day, a fellow who had been a billing clerk on a railroad, was turning over his souvenirs to a comrade to take back for him. He, with habits long

formed, insisted on an inventory. "Give me a receipt," he said. And he got it.

The inventive traits so prominent in Americans all come out in the army service. One man has invented a mouse-trap, and it's a wonder.

In our declaration of war, the phrase, "all our resources" have a new meaning in the new and striking inventions which are coming from the brains of our soldiers.

Listening to what might be called their bed-time stories, I heard incidents of their recent big fight. They all laughed when the Borisky adventure was told. The little clothing clerk of a year ago was about to surrender to a number of Germans when his quick eye discovered they were wounded. Plucking up courage, he emptied his revolver into two of them and took the other—a big husky Boche—making him step along lively, pricking him under his coat tails. As he brought in his prisoner he shouted, "Ain't he a beauty? I've got a ready-made suit for him."

In moving about the gas masks were constantly needed, for all unexpectedly a gas shell would come along, and on would go the gas mask. There was nothing else to do, and nobody was taking chances. Over the field were observation balloons with telephone wires attached, from which every

movement of the enemy was watched and the location and range of the German guns recorded. The discovery was made that the graveyard which had puzzled the American gunners was movable, and that the Boche had transferred it to another point during the night. Imitation villages and churches are often constructed with which to baffle the observer. Every day is a battle of wits to deceive the enemy. The constantly occurring question is, "What is Fritz up to?"

At the front the days slip away so quickly that all thought of time is lost. Watchfulness is the chief business. There is very little glancing at the wrist watch, except to make sure it is time for mess. Great shells whizz intermittently and in a brief time even the novice learns to identify the different kinds of shell it is by its song, and can tell which way it is coming. Nobody is too proud to run for shelter. Hair-breadth escapes are common, indeed almost incidental to the day's work, and are hardly deemed worth recounting around the mess at night. The shelled territory is a gruesome sight. Pictures taken from an airplane show not only the villages, but every road and path clear and distinct. Later pictures after a bombardment reveal every building, road and footprint in these same centers entirely obliterated—a vast honey-

comb of craters. No desert could be more desolate—not a tree, railroad, culvert, or living thing remains. Everything is flattened to the ground.

Finding the Germans were indulging in one of their favorite pastimes of pelting the crossroads, we made a detour. It had been a busy day with the gas masks. Four real alarms were sounded. We came to a group of farm houses. Being hungry, the chauffeur said:

"I know a place where a salad grows."

As we drew up before a house, I inquired of the perennial son-in-law prospect:

"Do you know any daughters here?"

A little old lady with a cap slightly set off with a meager fringe, admitted us. She didn't seem to need any words to tell her what we wanted, but hustled away to the kitchen. While sitting there I noticed an old square piano, which reminded me of my mother's Steinway. Pictures on the walls showed nearly every generation, from Louis XIV down. Over the mantel, as is the custom now, was a small American flag. I sat down to the piano and placed my hands on the thin, worn keys. The sound which issued forth was metallic; the instrument was badly out of tune. But the lieutenant insisted that it was the "Star Spangled Banner" and stood up.

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IN THE FRONT LINES

Secretary Baker inspecting a dugout

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IN NO MAN'S LAND

French and American officers cutting barbed-wire entanglements preparatory to an infantry attack

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ON THEIR WAY

An infantry detachment passing through front-line trenches

GERMAN PRISONERS ON WAY TO PRISON CAMP

The music brought the little old lady into the room, with her spoon still uplifted. She said, "Marseillaise." And I must confess it, I could not play it from memory; but I have learned it since, and will never be caught again without its stirring strain in my repertoire.

A monster bowl of spring salad, carrots, potatoes, onions, dandelions, radishes was set before us. And the dressing—that was the triumph!

Contrasted with the activities of the front are the services of the S. O. R. (Service of the Rear). Here there is no glare of the guns; it is a question of moving supplies. At Neufchateau was the stout form of Billy Lavere, Y. M. C. A. secretary, with his customary greeting: "Were you born in this town?" to the boys as they passed. An incident about Billy is worthy of mention. He came across a lone army mule, which seemed to be only slightly wounded. Knowing the value of mules, he tried to push him into a shell hole for safe keeping, where he could later be picked up. The mule balked and argued to such an extent that Billy and a companion who was with him were both kicked into the shell hole. A second later the mule was blown to atoms. His hoofs scattered, and the only remains were a few strips of black hide.

If the sum of treasure spent in this calamitous conflict on these fields could be computed, every square acre could be overlaid with gold. I thought of this as I looked over these broad stretches now dotted with golden buttercups, so soon to be torn with ghastly shell holes and sprinkled with human blood! The picture will not soon be forgotten.

If another touch was needed to heighten my view of the battlefield, it was given when I saw cars of American wounded, each brave soul shouting, or singing, or cheering one another; with now and then, it may be, a call for "mother." It wrung my heart.

During all my journeys in the zone of operations, not once did I see Old Glory at the head of any of the troops, either going or coming. I did not realize this until I returned to headquarters, where the presence of the flag flying in the breeze recalled it to me.

Whether to hide from enemy observation the character of regiments, or to emphasize the actual alliance with other nations, the brigading of all in one great army of democracy—whatever the motive—it remains a startling truth that not once could I recall having glimpsed the Stars and Stripes on the battle-field.

But there it waved, proudly waved. I thought

I had venerated it before, loved it for all it stood for, and yet—and I swear it—to me it was a new flag, for I saw interwoven in it the living tissue of flesh and blood. Its field of blue was no longer merely forty-eight formal stars, but in their place a constellation—every one of them the face of Pershing and his men.

VII

UNDER THE RED CROSS BANNER IN FRANCE

WHETHER it was the raid of the night, resulting in nervousness, or my eagerness to be doing things, I cannot say, but almost before there was any stir in the streets I found myself standing before the Madeleine. In other days no edifice had moved me more. Directly in front, and down the street, is the Place de la Concorde. Here is located the American Red Cross headquarters. Being too early for the opening of the doors, I went to the monument of Alsace and Lorraine nearby, which years before I had seen wrapped in mourning. It was then draped to express the sorrow of France over the loss of her two beloved provinces. Now it was sandbagged for protection against air raids. Yet it was startling to see the tri-color of France waving from a festooned wreath in the waxing light of the morning—prophetic hope of the future!

In a flash the narrative of Daudet's "Last Class" came over me. It was in Alsace-Lorraine. The school had assembled for the last recitation in their mother tongue. The Prussian edict had gone forth that the hour of twelve would end the use of the French language in Alsace. No mother could even croon a lullaby or a father address his heir in the language of his birth. By one stroke the Hun was to tear out by the roots the tongue of the people.

The village people gathered, a great concourse of them, to hear the school master's last words, which proved to be a tribute to the French tongue. Suddenly the clock in the church tower struck noon;—then the Angelus. At the same moment the trumpets of the Prussians sounded under the windows. The school master arose, very pale, but never seeming so grand and good. "My friends," he said, "I—I" but he could not finish. Turning to the blackboard, he took a piece of chalk, and gathering all his strength, wrote, in letters that I seemed to see blazing in the glorious light of the morning on the monument, "*Vive la France!*"

In that moment I knew, if never before, why the American Red Cross was in France.

The American Red Cross headquarters at Place de la Concorde is located in a club building, and

once the home of a most exclusive organization. Even now the same aristocratic atmosphere pervades the place. The adornment is that of simple elegance. The finest taste was exercised in its furnishings. Every foot bound hither on errands of mercy today presses the most expensive rugs. On the walls there is a lavish display of paintings. Yet this all-exclusive club responded to the all-inclusive call for help and turned over to the Red Cross its magnificent rooms.

Instead of a place of luxurious repose, it has been transformed to a hive of industry. Its palatial salons are now offices. The winding stairway is a public thoroughfare. Each room is marked with large numerals, as, for example, Room C 14, or B 17. Here were dignified Red Cross majors hustling about, nurses and pretty Red Cross girls with the insignia of the United States on their shoulders, and the good old Yankee twang with a new accent on the lips of all.

The American Red Cross is creating for itself a high place in the estimation of the people of France. New recruits are arriving every day. The girls are not known by name, but simply as "the girl who came from Chicago," or "the girls who arrived on the *Espagne*." Social distinction is lost. The whole staff of workers constitute a

democratic fraternity. Some are assigned to base hospitals, some sent to Italy, some to remote places in France, while others assist in the work at headquarters.

Ascending five long "tops" of stairs, accompanied all the way by the rapid-fire clicking of the typewriters, I reached the office of Major J. M. Perkins, head of the American Red Cross in France. The room was decorated in the most ornate style, with a sky blue ceiling in which the birds seem really alive and flying. The French seem to know how to make a lamp post look artistic. They also have the art of making strangers feel at home. In such exclusive environments, Major Perkins looks after the multifarious details of the Red Cross help, his careful handling suggesting high executiveship.

Many names well known in American life are to be found on the roster. Society women of Fifth Avenue in jumper and apron, with stenographers from Posey County, are unraveling problems together. It is a veritable clearing-house. Most of these workers have now exchanged the Saxon "yes, yes" for the French "*oui, oui.*"

The French telephone is a puzzle. I first attempted to use it here at the Red Cross rooms. Unless you hold your hand down on the lever

while talking, your conversation is lost. The French trumpet and earpiece are one, and many a new arrival has appeared foolish looking for the mouthpiece when it is already under his chin. The greeting "hello" of the French girls as you take up the instrument sounds, with their pretty accent, like the Hawaiian "aloha." A babble of voices in many different languages is heard on every side. A French conversation on the telephone never seems to cease. The operator calls up again in about ten minutes after the final word and inquires, "*Avez vous fini?*" Americans have developed one French and one English ear to meet the exigencies.

All this made it an event at the Place de la Concorde when the American telephone girls arrived, who, with nimble tongues and quick ears, were at home in two languages. Attired in uniforms, the American operators looked to be perfectly capable to put "pep" into even the language of Napoleon, and they soon straightened out many tanglements and tempers. Many Americans speaking "shipboard" French get into a muddle of words. It is very easy to convey the opposite meaning of what you want to say!

Every hour enhanced my admiration for the French people. Their courtesy is especially shown

in devotion to children. In front of Hotel Crillon Ambassador Sharpe pointed to a passing family group. Children of parents too poor to buy had been provided by the Red Cross with a trinket or toy. The innate courtesy and respectful address is a pleasing contrast to the brusqueness of the average American.

At the American headquarters I made the acquaintance of a gentleman who was rendering valiant service in translating the needs of every race and tongue. He was then at the head of the Reception Corps. His knowledge of foreign languages and his even temperament helped in the Babel of tongues. The news came that his little boy was dead. His strong frame shook with emotion as he told of little Bapino. All the science of American surgery at the Red Cross hospital had been used to save the two-year-old child, but to no avail. Although I had not known the father long, I felt drawn to him, for I remembered when the same dark cloud came to my home. I told him I would attend the funeral on Sunday. Many Americans sent flowers, and when the little casket was carried along in the arms of the father for the solemn rites by the priest—it seemed almost as if a little soldier had fallen. The little white hearse was covered with a blanket of flowers. I walked at

least two miles behind that hearse with the stricken father, the Boy Scouts of the Red Cross as honorary escort following. Soldiers and officers saluted as the procession passed, and civilians uncovered their heads as a mark of respect.

At Neuilly on the Seine the little form was laid away in a flower-strewn grave. The priest was unable to come and at the father's appeal that some little word of prayer be uttered, I myself volunteered. My language was strange, but all hearts were in unison with sympathy for the parental heart. This was one of many children who sickened and died during the air raids of the unpitying Huns.

The arrival of American troops through France aroused the highest enthusiasm. One newspaper writer, in characterizing their appearance, gravely records that "the high cheek bones and features of the North American Indian were the hallmarks of many faces." In the language of George Ade, I just "laffed" at his words, but the next day furnished an illustration of the eagerness of the French to find something in us "like them."

A young French officer, a blue-eyed Alsatian, six feet or more, stood with me watching the incoming American troops. He was soon to leave on a dangerous mission from which rumor had

it he will never return. This day, perhaps his last in beloved France, gave his accentuated words a new emphasis. "Why," he said, with simple assurance, "they are just like us, Monsieur, their very walk, their look—it is only the uniform that is a little different."

For the moment I was lifted beyond all trifling differences in khaki, features and mannerisms, for the young officer in his God-given vision had seen in our soldiers as they marched by, the kinship of souls.

Major J. M. Perkins is daily confronted with new and grave problems of Red Cross activities, but with the characteristic energy which marked his career as a banker in Boston and New York, he directs the movements of his battalions, works as a general in the field, dashing here and there, and is always in personal touch with the work. A journey to Lyon in southern France with him furnished a glimpse of the diversified work of the American Red Cross in conjunction with the French organizations. Ensconced in a *cochet,* which is merely a night car bench to stretch out on—there was no mattress or covers—we thought of the Pullman at home. In our compartment—and there were four in the box—was a Belgian senator, who challenged me to a snoring match. I won. The

Major didn't sleep—but sat up looking for live game with his flashlight.

At Lyon is located the tuberculosis sanitarium for the French repatriate women. Six months ago it was a barracks, before that it was a bath house, before that it was an empress's castle, today it is a tuberculosis hospital where the American Red Cross is caring for French repatriate women. It was the Empress Eugenie who gave the chateau to the city of Lyon, and it was the Hospital Board of Lyon who gave it to the American Red Cross.

The city is only a short distance away, but it might be a hundred miles, the air is so clear. The grass on the terraces is thick and green, the trees are cool and shady. Below the chateau garden the ground drops sharply and slopes away through field after field to the Rhone river. The ammunition factories on the other bank are so far away that they are only soft gray shadows against the sky.

The windows of the wards open wide on peaceful country views. But the women in the wards are much more interested in the American visitors whom the brusque American doctor is talking about. "*Bonjour, Mesdames.*" "*Bonjour, Messieurs,*"—each one bows a ceremonious little bow, leaning forward from her piled pillows or raising

her head, ever so little, with a feeble smile. The doctor explains that there is nothing which gives them so much amusement as to hear him talk French. He says a few words to one of the women to prove it and the whole ward chuckles gleefully.

The women are divided according to the stage of the disease, so that more or less similar treatment can be carried on in each ward. When they are well enough to be out of bed most of the day, they go out into one of the wooden barracks, where they live practically in the open air, and where they are given light work to do and from which, in time, some of them will be sent back to their families after they have learned how to take care of themselves and not spread contagion among those with whom they live.

They are all repatriates, these women and girls, whom Germany sent back to France for the very reason that they have tuberculosis. Among the thousands who pour through Evian on the Swiss border, at least thirty-five, sometimes as many as sixty-five in every thousand, are afflicted with the disease. The Red Cross has a hospital admission bureau in Paris which places these people in American hospitals and in French institutions all through the country. Lyon, which is so near to

Evian, where the repatriate convoys come through from Germany, is a particularly good place for a hospital. The General Hospital Board of the city offered the Americans the chateau of Sainte Eugenie. The building and the newly-constructed barracks they gave rent free. They provided beds and bedding, heat and lighting, water and plumbing, disinfection and food. The Red Cross furnishes doctors, nurses and medical supplies.

It is not to the soldiers alone that the American Red Cross has brought its comforting aid, but to all those in distress or need wherever found. Great has been the organization's work among the armies, but greater still is its work among these repatriate women because it is helpfulness softened with tender interest and compassion—the protective compassion of the big American brother for his sisters.

As I walked among the patients, I asked a dear old lady her age, having complimented her on her smile. "I am not too old to be admired," she said shyly, "but am too old to mind telling my age. I am one hundred next month, and life is still glorious in the hopes you have brought to France."

Under the trees overlooking the Valley of the Rhone, where German prisoners were at work, the patients seemed most hopeful of restored health.

A tuberculosis hospital can never be a gay place, and yet many of the women and girls at Sainte Eugenie are happier than they have been for many months. They are back again in France. They have warm and comfortable beds. They have air and sunshine. They have delicious food and plenty of it. Back and forth through the wards move Sisters of Charity in quaint white coifs. They are repatriates, too, who come every day to read to the patients. But better almost than sisters or nurses or doctors, so it seemed to the American visitors, are the trees on the terrace, the big branching lindens clipped French fashion. Under their branches the nurses set the long reclining chairs, into the chairs they tuck the thin-faced women, wrapping them warmly in woolly blankets, and there they lie, hour after hour, in the sun and the soft wind, while little by little health and hope come back to them.

It was here that Mr. H. P. Davison, chairman of the American Red Cross, came on his triumphal return from Italy. The mayor and dignitaries of the city met his party, and thousands of school children gathered on the plaza to pay him homage. Mr. Davison was presented with a large bouquet, which included a branch of palms (symbol of victory). These he carried with all the

eclat of a bridegroom. His address was most modest, yet deeply sympathetic, reaching all hearts.

Perhaps the most impressive incident of this magnificent reception was in the flags which many of the children carried in their right hand and with which they waved a greeting. There were not enough ready-made flags to go around. But the unquenchable spirit of these little ones could not be denied. With their own hands they made small flags of strips of silk, cotton, flannel, or whatever came to them. But the colors were true. Never was there deeper gratitude than waved resplendent in their creations of the Red, White and Blue.

The complete story of the work of mercy at the front can never be told until after the war. Each day furnishes some new and diversified incident, which at the end will find its place in the color of the picture. The essentials in the organization in the various centers are the same. The application of these principles is modified, or changed to suit the particular need. The flexibility of this organization, whose one working creed is mercy, is one of the features of the war.

At base hospital No. 1, near Toul, was my first glimpse of the treatment of those actually wounded.

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HENRY P. DAVISON
Chairman American Red Cross

AMERICAN RED CROSS REST HOUSE BEHIND ITALIAN FRONT

MAP SHOWING AMERICAN RED CROSS ACTIVITIES IN ITALY

Here were the same sort of beds, attendants, nurses, and surgeons to which we are accustomed at home. The uniform, the surgical instruments, the dressings, were all familiar. The self-same fumes of anesthetics filled the rooms. But the wounded! Ah, that was the difference! They were different than any I ever saw, and different than I ever hope to see again. Men who had been gassed, being led along, the film of darkness over their bloodshot eyes; some unable to walk—a limb gone; others with bandages around their heads, and more with faces torn, needing expert facial building. Every case is different, yet every one calls for known and often unknown resources in surgery and nursing skill. A careful record is kept of each patient, serving as a compendium of knowledge in the treatment of those yet to come.

Cases could be multiplied, but I give one as exemplifying the heroism of our men. One poor fellow had lost his right arm. With that strange premonition which sometimes precedes accident, he was seen writing one day with his left hand. When asked by some of his comrades why he did so, he said: "I feel as if I was going to be hit, and I was seeing if I could write a letter home with my left hand." Strange fatality! When he returned from the next battle, his right arm was

gone. I saw him lying there and tried to cheer him. Instead of being cast down, he said: "I guess when I get home I shan't need to tell them where I've been."

I looked out the window to hide my emotion. And through the mist in my eyes I could see the distant Lorraine mountains, and I wondered if there was any peak too high to commemorate bravery like that. Outside I could see the red of a few tulips blazing in a bed; tiny blue violets were peeping out of the ground, while the apple trees were just then massed in blooms of pure white. Even Nature had hung out her banner of red, white and blue in honor of such heroes!

VIII

A SUNDAY VISIT WITH MARSHAL JOFFRE

MY first Sunday afternoon in Paris was made memorable by an interview with Marshal Joffre—at the Ecole L'Militaire, the West Point of France. I had traveled with him on his famous American tour, and now looked forward with pleasure to a renewal of that acquaintance. I brushed my hair, as nearly as I could remember, in the manner he wore his. With as much military bearing as I could command I passed up the broad stairs to the reception room, and was greeted by Major Fabre, the "Blue Devil" of Alsace, whom I had previously met on the American tour. While I was waiting he recalled incidents of the fast and furious visit in America, even mentioning the day in Boston when at the State House reviewing stand, he was so weary I gave him a chair.

"The chair-man!" he exclaimed, recognizing me. "It seems to me that was the first and only

time I had a chance to rest during our entire stay in America." Major Fabre lost one leg under Joffre at the Marne.

Marshal Joffre was receiving a commission of prominent citizens, but I had not waited long when the members of the delegation departed and I was admitted. He greeted me with the same kindly smile I had learned to know in America. I gave "the triumph" salute, eyes up, which I had observed in the "Yankee Division." He immediately referred to his visit overseas.

"I felt," he said, "like a real American every moment I was in your wonderful United States."

I had this greeting translated in writing: "*Je me sens ause America que les Americain de puis ma visite dans votre beau pays.*"

The spacious room in which he sat overlooked the river Seine and the field of Mars. At a table covered with green baize he made a striking figure in his white trousers and full military dress. On his breast were medals, and he wore the insignia of his rank in deference to the commission he had just met. There was a freshness in appearance and manner contrasting sharply with the weary look on his face during the "American rush," as he called it. His blue eyes seemed more blue than ever and I wondered how H. G. Wells, the

English novelist, in his book describing him, could have made the mistake of calling his eyes black. There might be some doubt as to the color of some people's eyes, but not Joffre's.

My interpreter on this occasion was Maurice, the dancer, well known to the patrons of the Biltmore, and the theatre-going public of America.

"When I landed from the *Mayflower* at Washington," continued Joffre, "it was one of the greatest moments of my life. Your receptions made me feel that France was in the hearts of all your people."

I replied: "While you were winning the heart of America, our people lost their hearts to you."

"Yes," came the quick response, "it was a complete conquest."

Marshal Joffre is the parent war hero of France. Of medium height, ruddy complexion, robust and strong. There is a great kindness in his calm face. His well-rounded head is crowned with white hair parted to one side. His voice is singularly soft. His heavy gray mustache curves upward in easy fashion, without military severity.

Talking to this savior of France, I recalled the description of him when war broke out. He accepted without a qualm the terrific mission entrusted to him. His manner was calm. A

military scientist, precise and punctual, he laid out a simple plan with much thought—and followed it. When the French troops were being driven back in the first onslaught it was Joffre who remained confident.

"I mean to deliver the big battle in the most favorable conditions at my own time, and on ground I have chosen. If necessary, I shall continue to retreat. I shall bide my time. No consideration whatever will make me alter my plans."

Even now I could see the self-possession that must have asserted itself in those trying hours, when day after day he issued bulletins for retreats that were shaking the world to its foundations. For forty years Joffre had planned the defence of France in event of such an invasion, and he met the situation unperturbed, with a profound conviction that the enemy would be stopped at the Marne. There his iron will asserted itself. His command was to stand or die—and the valiant French obeyed.

On the eve of the great battle the officers gathered their men about them and amid the roar of the cannon they read Joffre's famous message:

"Advance, and when you can no longer advance, hold at all cost what you have gained. If you can no longer hold, die on the spot."

All this flashed through my mind as we stood talking.

Joffre is sixty-six years old. As a young man he attended the great French military school in which his office is now located. At eighteen he was made a sub-lieutenant and entered the Franco-Prussian war. Here he learned to know the unscrupulous methods of the Germans, which he never forgot.

"I served my country in 1870," he said, "and I have lived for this hour!"

Indications are that in the time to come he will occupy an increasingly prominent place in France. Popular with the people, instead of losing prestige with age, he is gaining. At the outbreak of the war he was little known. He came suddenly to greatness. But the military men of France knew him. They knew of his colonial campaigns, of his great engineering work in the building of fortifications, of his zeal for protecting France from war that he knew was sure to come. He became the head of the French Army in 1911, placed there through the insistence of his own colleagues rather than through political influence. At the time France was facing the gravest period of its history; military men knew that Germany was preparing to strike, and they went before the

Chamber of Deputies to ask for a three years' conscription service. Joffre sat day after day under the stinging sarcasm of anti-military demagogues who were reviling the army. So insulting and personal became the attacks that his *confrères* left the Chamber. Joffre stayed. He knew—what he could not state publicly—that the enemy was at the door. What he was asking was for France, not himself, and he stood firm. The three years' bill was passed enabling France to hold its first great manoeuver in the summer of 1913. Only he and the military leaders knew that so large an army might be needed in one short year. Three years before in legislative halls, Joffre virtually won the battle of the Marne. He was the big figure in that fight, as he was at the Marne. He prepared France for war when France refused to realize it was coming. This proved him more than a great general, it showed him to be a seer and statesman. His fine balance of calm thinking and vigorous decision made him resolute.

This, then, was the hero of France, now modestly telling me the simple story of how he came unwittingly to design the wide trousers of the French uniform. It was as a young officer serving in Madagascar that an accident to his trousers

threatened to delay his attendance at the native Queen's reception. Equal to the emergency young Joffre cut a pair of white trousers out of a bolt of cloth with his sabre and had a native woman sew them together. The threads held fast and a new style of baggy trousers with great creases on the sides was introduced.

"They were wonderful for the way they did not fit," he said, and his full round face lit up with a smile.

Comment was made on the rapidity with which officers' hair turns gray.

"Is it the worry, fatigue and responsibility?" I asked.

"No doubt," Joffre agreed, "and perhaps also the lack of certain indispensable toliet articles."

He is in bed at nine every night and up at five. After each meal he takes his walking stick and goes for a stroll. His chief diversion is music, and there is no moment like that when he is grouped with his family around the piano in the evening. Although a large man, he keeps physically in shape at all times. One day each week he walks ten miles and every morning rides horseback.

Among his associates Joffre is known as a silent man. Strict in military matters, he is popular

with people because of his freedom from partisan entanglements, and his name is already mentioned as one to succeed Poincare as President of the Republic.

In his office Joffre has the art of handling a dozen subordinates in as many minutes, grasping their problems and meeting each suggestion with a quiet word, with no hint of worry or flurry. To be the head of a great army is a business in which etiquette is incidental.

So paternal is he, that everybody speaks of him as "Papa Joffre." One hardly thinks of him as the battle-scarred veteran of the Marne. And yet when he stood erect, bidding me good-bye, there was an unexpected flash, like that of blue steel in his eyes. For a moment something of the real soldier, France's hero, was revealed. Readily one understood that power comes from large responsibilities.

Born in the Pyrenees, he is one of the high peaks of French citizenship. His home folk say: "Why worry—we have our Joffre."

There is a river town in France by the name of Limoges—it is where French generals and officers are sent when they are relieved. General Joffre has retired to this place as many as four generals at a stroke—and some are his old friends. This

gave meaning to the expression of a young officer, who remarked:

"He has been limoged."

"I get you—canned," I replied.

"Canned," he repeated with a puzzled look, as if turning over the slang phrase.

"No, Monsieur," he replied half chidingly, "that is not the word. For, Monsieur, the memory of their service will always live in France."

I felt chastened in the reverence he expressed.

"No good deed ever dies," he continued. "It is beyond the recognition of medals and crosses. It is the eternal soul of service."

As I left Marshal Joffre I was moved by his unmistakable confidence in the issues of the war. That conviction radiates like a magnetic current —electrifying whoever it may touch—bringing dynamic hope to all.

Then I realized it is leaders make armies as well as armies make leaders.

IX

ANCIENT ROME IN MODERN WAR TIMES

THE night I left for Italy, the new French recruits were marching to the railway station in Lyon, bearing in their hands green boughs, some singing, and others playing accordions. They seemed happier in going to the front than I even in the prospect of going over the Alps.

A loneliness, peculiar to traveling alone, swept over me, enhanced by my inability, not knowing the language, to carry on a conversation with any one. For one of my temperament and habits, to go for hours without talking was torture. After stowing away my patent leather grip, I began humming to myself the song popular with American troops, "It's a Long, Long Trail."

There was another passenger in the compartment with me, who afterwards proved to be a surgeon in the French Army. He looked inquiringly at me and I scraped an acquaintance as usual by making motions. I tried to communicate

to him my destination with a sweep of the arm, which had in it the full compass of my old oration at school: "Over the Alps Fair Italy Lies." He caught on and smiled. We continued the pantomime until I suddenly remembered I was to change cars at Andre. The train was local, stopping about every four minutes. I looked out of the window and saw the name of the station in letters on a gas lamp, though almost lost to view in the lavish surroundings of advertising signs.

The train started before I made the discovery. Undismayed I let down a window, threw out my valise, and following myself, landed at Andre. The grip made a "good hit," for it landed fair on the amplest part of the station master. What he said to me in French was, perhaps, better that I could not understand. Catching up my grip I caught the connecting train for Chambery. This old capital of Savoy is the rest billet for American soldiers and officers. Mrs. Baker of Boston was in charge of one of the canteens, and I had baked beans again that day.

Arriving at the hotel, I was delighted to have the Swiss innkeeper greet me in English. Passports proclaim nationality on the face of them. His card for registration looked like a checkerboard. It was marked off in little squares.

Evidently it was his custom when a guest arrived to rub one of these squares with a lead pencil until it was completely blocked out. When he looked to see where I was to room, the card was entirely black, not a white space remained. "There was no room in the inn."

"Ah," he said, as if familiar with American ways, "there is the cafe."

My bed for the night was the chairs.

It was raining, as usual, when I woke in the morning. In the rush for a ticket at the railway station, I hurriedly passed in a bill, and was handed a ticket for the Modane express. My Italian was confined to one word, "Modane." I knew nothing about "class," being an American. The porter led me to the train, where I found myself in a third-class coach at the extreme end. All the windows in the car had been broken. An Alpine blizzard was just beginning to rage. I had the car all to myself, except a number of railroad employees, who wore capes, and looked curiously at the shivering Yankee in a summer suit, who was roaming up and down the car flinging his arms violently together to keep warm.

Crossing the frontier at Modane is merely the matter of passing through one end of the station to the other, but it is not as easy as it seems. There

is a picket fence and an officer midway. The soldiers were passed on recognition of their uniforms. Civilians must show cause. The first degree was to prove that I was not taking any considerable money out of France. A paper printed in all languages was placed before me, much after the manner of an oculist, and I read that the limit of money to be carried out was five thousand francs. I passed. I soon convinced him that the regulation would not "embarrass" me.

Once across this imaginary line, I had my first meal in Italy. The waitress told me there was no bread and that I must use potatoes instead and eat the spuds with the jackets on. It was here that I met a group of American naval officers attached to U. S. N. Flying Corps in Italy. They took me in hand and I was assigned to a handsome upholstered room in a wagon-lits, or sleeping car, labeled "Rome." Now I could enjoy the beautiful Alpine scenery from a plush point of view.

On and up we went, our train finally reaching the snow-capped mountains. Laughing cascades tumbled from precipitous crags and poured their "white-power" into the rivers below, to be harnessed to electric energy. Passing through numerous tunnels, our train suddenly swung out on a ledge which constituted a veritable observation

shelf, bringing into view the sweeping vista of the Savoy Valley—easily the most beautiful I have ever seen. Thrift and neatness were indicated in every farm and dwelling. It was a poem of rural beauty. Looking far down on the stately poplars, they stood out like so many sentinels.

At Turin (spelled Turino in Italian), I entered a restaurant, where I had soup from a gigantic tureen, a name fitting well with the town. Here I saw for the first time English nurses wearing their peculiar lavender veils and cloaks, on their way to Asiago. Turin is a great manufacturing center. The factories had German superintendents and foremen. There was also a large German population here. The town furnishes an illustration of Sonnino's plans for the Triple Alliance, inspired, no doubt, by commercial motives. Years before the King of Italy visited Emperor Josef of Austria, but the latter refused to return the visit. This snub furnished the setting for the end of Sonnino's dream.

When war was imminent Italy broke the Alliance, the people unitedly declaring themselves ready to make whatever sacrifices would be necessary for the cause. A small group of influential men here at Turin and Milan have had a determining influence in the war policy of Italy.

GIORNALE D'ITALIA

Parla Mr. Joe Mitchell Chapple

Romani, italiani, compatrioti! Cosi salutandovi sento di potervi chiamare "miei compatrioti," poichè abbiamo in comune la grande civiltà lasciataci in eredità dalla comune madre—Roma.

Tre milioni di italiani negli Stati Uniti formano parte integrale del nostro paese, sono sangue del nostro sangue e insieme a molti altri milioni di cittadini costituiscono, in quest'ora fatidica, una democrazia mondiale così unita come lo fu l'Italia nel 1870 e l'America nel 1865, ad Appomatox. Noi siamo orgogliosi della nostra popolazione di origine italiana, i cui figl nelle scuole di Boston—l'Atene della coltura americana—conquistano quasi tutti i premi. Sono italiani che costruiscono le nostre strade, che innalzano i nostri edifici, che lavorano nelle nostre officine, che si addestrano nei nostri accampamenti militari. E l'America ama quest' Italia generosa, che, come gli Stati Uniti, entró spontanea nella guerra che segna nella storia umana una epoca cosi importante.

L'Italia, del resto, non può a meno di comprendere tutta la simpatia, l'affetto e la stima che si provano per lei in America, poichè di tali sentimenti si è fatto spesso interprete il nostro distinto ambasciatore, Thomas Nelson Page e ne ha data prova la nostra Croce Rossa, diretta da quell'energico colonnello Perkins che voi tutti conoscete. La Croce Rossa è l'avanguardia che vi indica con quale spirito verranno in seguito le truppe americane e spiegheranno al bel cielo azzurro d'Italia la bandiera stellata che vi porterà il messaggio di ratellanza e di amicizia sintetizzato nelle parole del Presidente Wilson: "non un soldo per conquiste ma miliardi per la difesa del l'eredità comune a tutta l'umanità."

Dunque avanti, avanti sempre con le nostre bandiere intrecciate e sia onore a Clemenceau della bella Francia, onore a Lloyd George della invitta Britannia, onore a Wilson della mia America, onore ad Orlando della vostra adorabile Italia.

REPORT OF THE AUTHOR'S ADDRESS
Which appeared in the leading newspaper of Rome

GENERAL DIAZ, COMMANDER IN CHIEF OF ITALIAN ARMY

When the red maelstrom broke, Sonnino stood as a rock for the Allies.

I left by the night express. Time here is reckoned by numbering successively the full twenty-four hours. The train left at 23.30. There was nothing on my watch which enabled me to find it, and I came near missing the train. The sleeping car ticket, even with the scarcity of paper, was as complete as a bill of sale in contrast to the thumb nail slips in use here. The back of it was covered with advertisements. The conductor and porter are one person. When I put my shoes outside of the berth to be shined, he called to me, saying:

"Better take your shoes in, or you will lose them."

The train swept on through Genoa and Pisa, affording me that magnificent marine view of the Mediterranean. As we neared Rome, I saw the camps of soldiers on the beach and passed the great airdrome. I learned that the German air raids had extended as far south as Naples and Rome.

To see Rome in war times! Yes, I was now actually in it. The train skirted the ancient walls now sunken by time into the earth; on over the tawny waters of the River Tiber, and through the Seven Hills. As I sought accommodations at the hotel located on Pincon Hill, near the

palace of the Dowager Queen, Longfellow's poem, "Excelsior," came to my mind.

Rome in war times was strangely quiet. Cabs were drawn by horses unfit for army service. It is needless to say their progress was slow.

The first impulse in arriving in these centers is immediately to seek the Red Cross headquarters. Here Colonel Robert Perkins was in charge, as active as when manager of a great carpet manufactory in the United States.

Then I set off to find Ambassador Page. I was accorded a real Virginia welcome. Thomas Nelson Page was a literary star before he was Ambassador, and his light shines as brightly in the firmament of international diplomacy. There was a reminiscent look in his eyes when I told him of the war spirit in America.

"You arrived just in time," he said. "There is to be a mass meeting in honor of Clemenceau in the Argentine Theatre tonight. All the ambassadors and ministers have been invited. I cannot go. Would you like to occupy my box?"

For a moment I tried to stretch myself up to proper diplomatic stature. I thanked him. He continued:

"You represent the type of a well-fed and happy American anyhow."

He made a few notes about things I ought to see and when duty called him, I left for a later call.

Of all the places I have visited, perhaps none has a record of more intensified activity than the American Red Cross in Italy. A map was handed me showing the peculiar bootlike topography of the country. It was pin-dotted all over from one end to the other, including the adjacent islands. In miniature, the map looked like a part of the Milky Way and the dots like so many shining stars. Certain it is that the light of American Red Cross service will shine in the firmament of Italy forever.

I saw the great violinist, Albert Spaulding, in Rome. As an aviator in the American Flying Squadron, he looked as smart as when I saw him last in a dress suit in Symphony Hall, Boston.

He glories not only in flights on a musical instrument, but in an airplane as well. In the Argentine Theatre he approached after I had spoken and said: "The piano wires of a plane are more familiar to me now than the strings of a violin."

There is one name in Rome deserving of all praise—that name is Cortesi, the Associated Press correspondent. Years before he was sent to America to report the Italian lynchings in Louisiana. He remained in America for some time,

living in Boston, and married a New England woman. In bearing he is modest and quiet, the incarnation of diplomacy. Indeed, his fine mind has untangled many complicated skeins while in Rome. His news-dispatches are classics. He it was who opened up the very crux of the war situation in Rome. He took me first to see the two legislative bodies.

I first visited the Italian Senate. The building was very old. There was an absence of elaboration in the place. Not a window opened to the outside. Light was admitted from the ceiling. It occurred to me that in no legislative hall I ever visited was there opportunity for eavesdropping. Those appointed to the Senate are in office for life. It was here I first saw Guglielmo Marconi, the inventor of the wireless.

The discussion was in interpreting the educational bill. Distinguished senators were pointed out, one of whom, the director of the Conservatory of Music, was preparing a concert of all-American music. The selections ranged all the way from the classic to ragtime, the latter embracing "A Hot Time in the Old Town" and "Keep the Home Fires Burning." Among the Senators was one over a hundred years old. I met him later and was pleased to note he spoke some English. He said:

"Our country is much younger than America, but we are learning fast."

Then drawing himself up proudly, said:

"Age counts and I am past the century mark."

From here I went to the Chamber of Deputies, which, in contradistinction to the Senate, was a lively place. The Chamber of Deputies is the real law-making body of Italy. People gather outside every day to see the members come and go. Preparations were being made to enlarge the hall. Brick and mortar were already in evidence. I entered through a dark corridor. In a long hall were the busts of Cavour, Garibaldi, and some twelve who were identified with the unification of modern Italy.

We were conducted by a uniformed messenger through folding doors to a winding stairway which led to the gallery. And the stairway was so long that I had the sensation of climbing Bunker Hill Monument. It finally emerged into the gallery from which we looked down upon the House and the proceedings. The gallery was as high over the main floor as the galleries in our deepest theaters. Unlike the Senate I had visited, the members here were comparatively young men. They are elected by the direct vote of the people. The presiding officer had just partaken of afternoon refresh-

ments. On the desk in front of him where the repast was served could be seen a number of tiny glasses; the only thing missing was the ketchup bottle. During the discussion the speaker looked at the spectators through opera glasses; it seemed as if they rested on *me*.

The Cabinet members sat in front and below the speaker. It was a stirring scene. I could not understand the discussion, but those who were participating in it were gesticulating in the most violent fashion.

After the session we dropped into the cafe which is the habitat of journalists and lawmakers in Rome. It is said that the legislation of Italy is shaped in what is called the pharmacy. This had the familiar sound of newspaper "dope."

As we hurried along my friend, Cortesi, pointed out many historic places. All seemed to have lost interest for me, even the Capiscum, with its sacred bones of the monks. The only interest it had was that it revived Hawthorne's "Marble Faun." The one conspicuous thing of modern Rome is the tunnel running under one of the Seven Hills.

In the evening the one hundredth anniversary of the original production of Rossini's "Moses" was celebrated. Even in war times Rome did not forget to honor her great composer. It was

attended by statesmen, prominent people and uniformed army officers. For me there was a double bill that night. I not only attended this anniversary, but also the gathering at the Argentine Theater. Leaving for the latter place in a cab, I found a great concourse of people, many waiting outside. I was conducted to the Ambassador's box. These theater boxes are in a semicircle, and rise, tier above tier, to the very ceiling. As I entered, there was great excitement on the floor. I learned that some one had challenged the statements of the chairman and the purpose of the meeting. Officers were hustling disturbers out of the theatre, women were being jostled and their hats brushed off in the confusion. It resembled an American political convention. The band began to play to restore quiet.

The stage was filled with dignitaries and adorned with the flags of four of the Allied powers, Italy, Great Britain, France and America. My eye no sooner caught the Stars and Stripes than I saw it in distress. The star field was upside down. Just then an officer knocked on the door of the box where I was sitting. I did not understand what he said, but it did not matter, I understood his motions. He conducted me down a corridor, back of the scenes, and out on the stage. I was

offered a chair and crossed my legs in the usual way. I happened to be near my own flag. When I arose to adjust it, putting the field where it should be, the audience laughed and applauded.

As each orator addressed the gathering, I watched the faces and joined when they applauded, just as if I understood what was being said—which I didn't. Senator Lorand of Belgium, who spoke in Italian, was a large man with bushy, pointed whiskers, ballasted by newspapers sticking out of his pockets on both sides. In sharp contrast to him was the trim Mignon, the representative of France. La Garda, an American clad in khaki, addressed them in his own language. He was born in America of Italian parents, and is a member of the House of Representatives in Washington.

When the chairman motioned to me, indicating that I was to speak, I was amazed. But the audience seemed friendly.

Whenever in my speech I mentioned President Wilson, Americano, the audience cheered. It was the same when I spoke the name of Ambassador Page. When I referred to Lloyd George and pointed to the British flag, they broke loose again. At the name of Orlando they stormed. As I uttered the words "Clemenceau of La Belle France," the applause was long and continuous;

and finally when I spoke of the American troops coming and the "Stars and Stripes soon to be unfurled in the fair skies of Italia," pandemonium reigned. The band struck up "The Star Spangled Banner," the audience rising and cheering.

Next morning, to my surprise, my speech was printed in full in all the papers and had been cabled overseas. When I saw the Ambassador, he smiled and said:

"Your florid and fervid Fourth of July oratory lends itself beautifully to Italian translation. I have arranged for you to meet Nite, Minister of Finance.

I wondered if he knew I needed financing just then!

(Translation of the speech at the Argentine Theatre)

Romans, Italians, Countrymen:

The salutation has a new meaning these days, for my countrymen indeed you are. Italia, America and the Allies have become compatriots in the great fight for civilization —a common heritage that came in the dawn of the republic of ancient Rome. The messages of our own President Wilson have already revealed the great purpose of our country.

Three million Italians in America have become an integral part of my country, bone and sinew of the nation, joining with other millions of adopted sons to help in this hour of destiny. As united Italy was given you in 1870, so a United

States was born in the peace at Appomattox and has become a union, one and inseparable. Italian children winning the prizes at school in Boston, Italians helping in building warships and camps, Italians helping in all war preparations, and Italians in the ranks of our soldiers, has made the United States a close kin to united Italy.

Through acts and deeds our distinguished Ambassador, Thomas Nelson Page, has made known to you the love of America. The activities of the American Red Cross, headed by Colonel Robert Perkins, indicate the spirit of the arriving American troops as they unfurl the Stars and Stripes in the blue skies of Italy. The utterances of our own President Wilson in his masterful leadership has made you understand us joining in the contest of "not one penny for tribute or conquest, but millions for defence" for the rights of free peoples—a common heritage. So forward with the entwined banners with the leaders of the people, Clemenceau in La Belle France, Lloyd George of Brittania, our own Wilson and Lansing of America, and your own Orlando of Italy supporting Diaz, Haig and Pershing and their valiant men to the finish. "Vive la Italia and the Alliance for Humanity."

X

ORLANDO AND ITALY'S LAWMAKERS

THE story of Italy in the war cannot be told without reference to Orlando, the Premier, and the silent Sonnino, the Foreign Minister. There was a similarity to that of the United States in the Italian position before entering the war. To understand it one must go back to the days of the Triple Alliance, when German investments were pouring into Italy, and factories Hun-manned were utilized to create commercial ties which would compel the extension of the treaty to embrace an offensive, as well as defensive alliance. The people of Italy rose to the situation, and Sonnino was brought to the test of patriotic statesmanship. He realized the inevitable and changed "about face"—solid as a rock.

To see Sonnino is to understand the power that has made Italy, after the chaotic struggles of centuries, a nationalized entity. Sonnino began his career as a journalist and founded the *Giornale*

D'Italia, one of the most powerful papers in the kingdom. He talks to the people of Italy through his newspapers because he understands how to present his views in cold type. In the Chamber, his addresses, devoid of rhetoric or oratory, lack interest to hold the crowds; but undeterred, Sonnino goes on to the conclusion. Although directing the finances and enormous war expenditures of Italy, he remains a comparatively poor man, having but one passion—his beloved Italia.

Sonnino's deep-set eyes, shock of gray hair and rather cadaverous look, indicate the parentage of a Jewish father and Scotch mother. His genius in meeting the vexatious financial problems of Italy has revealed the sturdy Scotch thrift of his maternal forbears.

Orlando, Premier of Italy, ignited the war fever of his countrymen when he declared that Italy would never make a separate peace. The die was cast. Orlando, the voice of Italy, had declared it. Orlando is a native of Sicily, and upon him fell the mantle of the famous Crispi. He looks like an American, has iron gray hair and mustache and an air of gentleness that wins the individual as well as audience. In his office at Rome is an atmosphere of quiet dignity; his conversation is never staccato, but rather mellow in tone, and

his manner puts the visitor at ease. His speeches in the Chamber are made in closer range to the members than in any other legislative body. His addresses have the nature of conferences, and when he makes a statement from the bench, it is rounded out with the eloquent periods and beautiful phrases characteristic of the Italian language.

Orlando had been a professor of law in the University of Rome, and was considered one of the most able writers and speakers in Italy, but it was little dreamed that he would ever become Premier. Later when I saw him at Turin, in a special car leaving for Abbeville, France, where the Premiers of England, France and Italy have had frequent conferences, the station was thronged to honor the Italian leader. He was presented a massive bouquet. Clad in overcoat and fully gloved, he was ready for the chilly trip across the Alps. His manner and words in addressing the people at the station were such as might be expected in a triumphal mass meeting. Leaving the station, he smiled as cheers and bravos followed him, and once within the little green car in which he travels, he again took up his work, going over papers and dispatches, with the same ease as if in his office at Rome.

At the Department of Finance I met Senator

Marconi, inventor of the wireless. It had been raining hard, and coats and umbrellas lay upon the table. While we were waiting for the interview with Secretary Nite, Marconi, the Italian inventive genius, told me that it was at Newfoundland, on December 12, 1901, at 12.30 p. m., that he received the distinct electric signals over the Atlantic, transmitting the first message overseas without cable. This was the culmination of years of experiment. His idiomatic English was refreshing as he continued:

"My troubles came with the short-distance wireless, from two miles to two hundred and twenty-five. The two-mile limit was the barrier. The difficulty was overcome after much discouragement."

Born in Bologna, the son of an Irish mother and an Italian landed proprietor, Marconi has become a world figure. Early in youth he was attracted to the study of electricity, and at the age of sixteen had begun the development of wireless telegraphy. When I referred to the operations of the navies in the war, so largely dependent on the product of his genius, and asked him the secret, he said:

"It is nothing but a sort of electrical earthquake. The static electricity of the ether is energized by the oscillating current sent up and down the aerial

wire, and is diffused through infinity of space. An earthquake is a manifestation of the material electricity. If a weight could be raised sufficiently high, the shock of its fall could be felt across the sea."

"So it is a question of shocks?" said I.

"Everything is more or less a matter of shocks. You are delighted with music or literature—that gives you the mental shocks."

In a soft, well-modulated voice he paid his tribute to Morse, Edison, and Elisha Gray, but seemed more inclined to talk about the war and to learn the news from America than about his scientific and inventive triumphs.

Almost every ship that floats in the sea is now using wireless, which recalls that less than twenty years ago Mr. Marconi came to England and was given the resources of the post-office for experiment and trial. At that time it was concluded that wireless would be limited, like the telephone. The present war has proven it otherwise.

A peculiar thing is that the wires receiving the waves must be perpendicular rather than horizontal, and four hundred feet is about the elevation required.

"My dream was to have the wireless so you could call a friend, not knowing where he was,

sending forth the message, 'Where are you?' He might reply, 'I am in a coal mine,' 'in the Andes,' or 'on the ocean,' but no matter, he is near at hand, thus hoping that through the ether we might bring the world closer together."

I introduced Mr. Marconi to a number of navy lads standing near the Embassy, who looked on him as a wizard, and insisted they felt an electric thrill when they shook hands. The compliment was superb when they turned and said: "There is the wizard that has saved many a good ship." This tribute coming from the lips of yeomen and seamen was as eloquent as the studied praise of the admiral.

As I sat looking at him I thought what great things had come from his brain. All the infinitude of space was now vibrating with limitless messages, making the heavens speak as the ripples of sound radiate around the earth, defying all boundaries or barriers.

The Minister of Finance, Nite, a rather stout man with pompadour hair and mustache, was a member of the Italian Commission to America. It was evident from the reception he accorded me that he was a friend of Americans.

"Every moment," he said, "of my visit to America meant much to me. It revealed that the mental

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ORLANDO, PREMIER OF ITALY

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GUGLIELMO MARCONI, SENATOR AND INVENTOR

attitude of the world is much the same, and that physical problems vary only in degree. Since the war, in common with all Italians, America does not to me seem three thousand miles away."

In speaking of my trip, he said: "You must have observed that Italians feel a close kin to your country. Everyone who has been in America seems to count on his sojourn there as the epic of his life. Time is dated before and after he has been in America."

"Will many Italians return to America after the war?" I asked.

"Doubtless there will be many who will want to come, but can we spare them?—that is the question."

While in the United States Nite met the President and all officials, and insisted that President Wilson's messages were quite as familiar to Italians as those of their own public men.

"Long ago I developed a high regard for your distinguished Secretary of the Treasury, William G. McAdoo, who has made rapid strides in clarifying the mysteries of finance as an everyday proposition to the people; or, in other words, the Treasury selling bonds direct to the people rather than through the mystic shadows of brokers."

An important conference terminated an inter-

view which promised much. Nite is pronounced one of the coming men of Italy.

As I came out I saw the usual throng before the office of Orlando—a peculiar Italian custom of honor to their leaders. The Premier acknowledged the greeting of the populace and seemed in excellent spirits—with some degree of appropriateness, for he had just been selected by the Allies to take charge of the affairs pertaining to after-the-war conditions—a real compliment to Italy and her lawmakers.

XI

SIEGED VENICE BY NIGHT AND DAY

FALLING bombs announced the war carnival in Venice. The doves of St. Marco had flown. In the darkness, the silver sheen of the canals alone gave the aviators location, and, strangely enough, the canals received most of the bombs—thus saving the historic spires of the city.

No other place in Europe is more difficult to visit in war time than Venice. It is easier to make a tour of the first-line trenches than to pass the sentinel of the Minister of Marine, for he is entrusted with the sublime task of saving the "Mistress of the Adriatic."

A letter to the Commando Supremo, General Diaz, was my credential to unlock the gates inside the zone of army operations, but this was not sufficient. It needed a pass from the Minister of Marine.

On the train from Rome, the vision of Venice

with its Doges' palaces, St. Mark's and the Grand Canal haunted me. How would it look as compared with the glory in which I had seen it?

The train was crowded with officers in the first-class and soldiers in the third-class compartments. Some were grim and some were gay—a marked contrast to the days of Cook's tourists. Complaints of service or poor meals on the diner, or impatience at delayed trains were no longer heard. The solid troop trains to and from the front had the right of way.

At Bologna I had a breakfast in keeping with its name. Sweeping over the plains of Venetia to Padua, and then on to the Maestro, evidences of the war accumulated mile by mile. When the lagoons were sighted in the soft twilight, the train rattled over the long viaduct much as over the sea at Key West. In the distance was Venice now fading into the gloom of another night. At the station in Venetia, guards were stern and unbending. They required passport and identification. Only the week before real celebrities and prominent writers had been turned back because of some technicality in their credentials. They take no chances on strangers. Officers 'phone and wire ahead just who is expected and when. Venice is closed tight against spies. Through the gate

were the outlines of a gondola, but there was nothing to suggest the gay life of her former days.

Looking about to get my bearings, I was accosted by an officer, who looked me over with suspicion, and finally put his hand on my arm, as if making an arrest. When I tried to explain in my jumble of Italian and English, he said: "American Consul," and indicated I was to follow him. My passport, No. 10891, was again peppered with a purple stamp, but even then he kept saying "American Consul." Had something gone wrong with my papers, I wondered, and was I to be hailed before the authorities to spend the night in custody? On the war front nothing is surprising. I caught step with him in military fashion and accompanied him. When about to step into what looked like the police patrol gondola, I was informed by a keen-eyed young American in khaki—and the only American I had seen since leaving Rome, who evidently had overheard the Italian officer's conversation—that the American Consul expected me on an earlier train, but, being obliged to leave, detailed these officers to provide a safe escort to his home.

It is safe to presume I froze to my escort. We glided along the Grand Canal and under the historic Rialto. Here and there demolished buildings

stood out like spectres in the darkness. Not even the night could hide the ravages of the air raids.

This was Venice, yes, the scene of countless carnivals and fetes, but now ghostly and defiant, awaiting, maybe, another avalanche of death with the new moon! As we became accustomed to the murky shadows, following the weird wake of light along the Canal, Venice in the dark became almost more fascinating than Venice in the light.

Few people were on the street or in the callas after nightfall, and what few there were hugged the ancient walls. The barred windows of the closed shops indicated that most of the "Merchants of Venice" had gone. A mist swept in from the sea, as we turned a sharp corner and arrived at the home of the American Consul, Mr. Harvey Carroll. Like most of the residents of Venice, he lives on the second floor, to escape the dampness. Through the darkness of what appeared to be a subterranean entrance, I found the home haven of the American Consul and his charming wife. They radiated a Southern welcome. Without gas to cook with, but with the pluck of an American housewife, Mrs. Carroll had prepared the evening meal by fanning the embers of charcoal on a stone table fireplace. Even a cup of hot water was a luxury in the besieged city.

Of the one hundred and forty thousand people who once called Venice home, only a few thousand are left. The gondolas which used to glide over the placid surfaces of the canal, gay with laughter and music, were no more. What few remained were on official business. This, together with the population gone, made Venice almost a tomb. The puffing motor boats made a somewhat lively scene as they passed here and there conveying supplies.

The day before the people observed one of the traditional holidays of the Republic, but instead of the strumming guitars and the lilting songs, the merrymaking was confined to little groups who showered blossoms on the waters of the Adriatic. The weird cry of a gondolier as he turned the corner, as in the old days, was heard no more. In place of the merry life, which was once the charm of Venice, had come the sordid spectre of war. Barges laden with barrels, casks and bales now occupy the centre of the picture. A strange Venice to those who knew it in the old days, but a Venice becoming better loved because of its heroic resistance and willing sacrifices.

All day long there was the intermittent roar of the distant guns. The people who have remained are so pitifully poor that they could not leave if they wished to. Under the curtain of the night,

Paris and London present no such gloomy appearance. Even the glistening shadows of the clouds on the Grand Canal brought only fear. Night attacks have been more frequent here than in any other city. Somehow Ruskin's "Stones of Venice" came to mind as I stumbled over the slippery walks during a rainy night tour of the city. Every light was out. Even the flash of a match was prohibited. A dull moon presaged a raid that night, but none came.

Sand bags protecting buildings, statues, and historic columns were everywhere. They could even be found on the lower floor of the homes to provide protection from the overhead destruction. No less than three hundred bombs had been counted in a single night; but Venice seemed to bear a charmed life, comparatively little damage being done. In spite of the hellish Hun, most of the historic shrines still stand.

In one of the refugee cellars of a school, a scene occurred never to be forgotten. A flashlight photograph, which has had a world-wide appeal, was made. The Sister who had charge of the school had called the little children to her side in an effort to gather them as a hen gathers her chickens under her wings. Boom! boom! boom! roared the bombs outside. The little children crouched, with

wide open and startled eyes, yet they were brave. They seemed to feel they were quite safe so long as the protecting spirit of the Sister was over and around them. I met the Sister who related to me the story of that night.

An Italian officer said to me in careful and deliberate phrase: "It was the American Red Cross which saved our people from starvation, for little food has come into the city during the past year."

Not even the people of Belgium have more generously expressed their gratitude for relief given than the people in war-stricken Venice. The condition of the poor could not have been more pitiable than when the Red Cross came as an Angel of Mercy.

Bright and early next morning I followed the fast-walking and alert American Consul, Harvey Carroll, and watched him as he superintended the beginning of the day's activities at the Magazine where the people came to obtain food and supplies. Rice and cornmeal were provided, and many of the products on the shelves had familiar labels. The Magazine was in charge of bright Venetian girls, some of distinguished lineage, who stayed steadily by their task, in contradistinction to the criminal and lower classes, who fled at the

first sight of danger. It is easy to detect the streak of yellow in individuals amid the red flame of war.

Every train arriving and leaving the city was met by a delegation from the Consul, and each *profughi*, or refugee, was provided with enough food to take him to his destination. The refugees are scattered all over Italy. The American Red Cross unites with the Italian Red Cross and the Government in caring for these, and provides an opportunity for them to earn a livelihood in making war supplies.

After a walk which encompassed nearly every street in Venice, I paused long enough to catch my breath and make a notation.

Mr. Carroll was born in Texas and is a graduate of an European university. His hearty and good-natured manner has made him a beloved figure in Venice. He has demonstrated that the wide range of work of both Consul and Red Cross representative can be efficiently combined. On the streets the people met him with a smile and doffed their hats in a deference worthy a Doge. Just then a group of boys approached him, their toes sticking through their shoes. Looking up at him, they said in broken English:

"Shoes go bad—Consul go good."

"*Si, si,*" replied the Consul, with a benevolent smile.

Even the boys looked on him as the magic cobbler.

Twenty-three separate activities of the Red Cross are located in this district, and every one is doing a needed and appreciated work. We entered a hospital which had been bombed, picking our way through the shattered glass in the courtyard. A group of people had gathered for coffee. Over eleven hundred children are cared for and two thousand meals served each day. In the faces of those outside who were given but one meal a day, radiated a gratitude that was good to see. In the hearts of the people of Italy, the ministrations of the Red Cross will live forever.

Periods of prosperity and glory may yet come to Italy, but the great-hearted and open-handed generosity of America, responding as it did to the cry for food, will be cherished as long as Venice, one of the oldest republics, endures, and constitute forever bonds of affection for the younger Republic over the seas.

At the Rialto, which is the ferry landing, old men and women were bearing huge milk cans; this, with the garden truck which the others brought in, was a faded picture of the markets in

the old days. In the harbor, and far out on the Adriatic, could be detected the tiny red sails distinctive of the fishing craft. These were bringing in sea food to supplement the loaves of the Red Cross.

On one of my rambles in Venice I lost my way, trying a short cut through a piazzetta that curved about like the streets of Boston. Most of the persons met were women. Was I to confess that I was lost? The time was approaching for my boat to leave and I could no longer parley with vanity. Lifting my hat as gallantly as I could, I accosted a little girl who was bearing a bundle and whom I addressed as "Signorita," believing I was safe in my Italian that far at least, but I found I could go no farther, so began making motions. Then shouted louder to try and make my meaning clear. She was not deaf, but it did not help matters, not even when I pointed my finger in the direction of "somewhere." There was a puzzled look on her face as I repeated, "I want to go to—"

"Say 'hell' and let it go at that," shouted a voice behind me.

It was an American who spoke and in the next breath he said "from Indiana." I tried to respond in Italian. While not in keeping with the Red

Cross ritual, his greeting was welcome. Passing the Bridge of Sighs in company with him, we chanced upon a charmed cluster of trees in an old courtyard. The birds were singing their carols as if in defiance to the Austrian bombs. A crowd of people had gathered just to see and hear the birds in the trees.

At the Hotel Mantin, a name prominent in the history of Venice, a gondola bus was ready to take passengers to the railway station. Descending the steps to the boat, I felt the carpet of moss under foot, gathered by the tides of the centuries. At low ebb the green is a bright emerald hue, forming a fresh coloring in the grayness of the scene. My eyes caught glimpses of old rusty hinges and crude locks on the doors, telling of the days when over these thresholds teemed commerce from the seven seas. The ancient palaces alone radiated the story of the once glorious days of the "Mistress of the Adriatic."

Germans have cast envious eyes on Venice, something like an ancient heritage to be regained. Venitia was once occupied, pillaged and sacked by Attila, king of the Huns. The descendants of Attila are now battling at the Piave. Venice was built by the survivors of the Hun invasion on a marshy island surrounded by lagoons, to resist invasion.

It was sunrise when I came away. Yonder in the harbor were the Italian destroyers and new electric sea tanks preparing for another chase of the Austrian fleet. My boat sailed away. Venice faded on the skyline.

During the sail we passed numerous craft, carmen-hued, their sails waving like emblems of victory. Sailors were singing hopeful songs, and when we neared the landing at St. Gullien, our red Fiat motor car was ready for the dash to Padua.

XII

ALONG THE ITALIAN FRONT

THE proverbial sunny skies of Italy were obscured by a drizzling rain as I swept along by the canal in the red motor car which Major Fabri of the Red Cross had provided. The air was cold and nipping. The lack of horses in Italy was in evidence all along the canal, for men were pulling the barges laden with war supplies. Arriving at Padua, the seat of the ancient Padua University, and the center of Venetian culture, we came to the headquarters of the Italian Army.

It was here I met Mr. Charles Thompson of the Associated Press. He is a good type of the crusader. His descriptions of the war in Italy are notable contributions. He has one son in the Army and another in the Navy. Another correspondent who is sending out reports widely read in America, and who knows his Italy through and through, is Paul Morrow.

These men are on the spot and are keen observers of events.

At Ristor's restaurant I listened to an illuminating narration by these men of the debacle at Caporetto, where the blood and sacrifice of two years was wiped out in a few hours. These men were thoroughly informed as to every detail involved in the reverse. Though the worst blow in the history of the country, yet it had by some enchantment United the whole Italian people. They prophesied victory yet to come.

At the luncheon were served delicacies like calves' brains, pigs' feet, and broiled vertebrae (I am not strong on stewed spinal cord, but I know what it is). In the wall of the dining room was a destination dent made by one of Napoleon's guns.

Then we started on our way to Abano, where the headquarters of the Commando Supremo are located. My sole companion was a captain delegated by headquarters. As we passed through the plains, on either side of the road were myriad stumps of mulberry trees, out of which the new shoots were springing. It is here that fagot gatherers come every year to cut off the new growth, using the shoots for fuel. Even these tiny twigs are of priceless value in a land where

NITÉ, ITALIAN MINISTER OF FINANCE

CONVEYING SUPPLIES IN BESIEGED VENICE

A LUNCHEON IN PARIS GIVEN TO AMBASSADOR SHARPE

wood is almost reverenced. In the distance loomed the great mountains.

Our "red devil" motor car was driven with Detroit speed over roads, on either side of which were fields dotted with reserve line trenches, barbed-wire, and machine-gun emplacements. Now and then we edged past long lines of troops coming from and going to the front. Sentinel after sentinel stopped us to see that magic paper.

As we came to the headquarters of General Diaz we found ourselves in front of an old hotel, which, before the war, was a sulphur spring resort. I can smell the water yet. His quarters were on the second floor. As I entered, General Diaz, sitting at a flat-topped desk, arose. The Captain who acted as my escort snapped his heels and saluted, at the same time presenting me. The Commander immediately extended his hand in the warmest sort of greeting. His cordiality and easy manner swept away every vestige of formality. On his desk every article was arranged with methodical precision. General Diaz looked the Commando Supremo. He wore the green khaki of the Italian Army, and on his sleeve were a flock of stars in irregular shape

A direct descendant of the lieutenant of Columbus who made the voyage of discovery with him,

General Diaz has valorous blood in his veins. Under fifty he is in his very prime. His rise to the head of the army has been spectacular. It was the promotion of merit. The devotion of his soldiers to him is Garibaldic. He almost knows them by name. Few commanders mix so easily and gracefully with their men. It is for this reason they love him.

Not alone for his personal qualities, but for his supreme genius as a tactician, does he command them. The genesis of success shown by recent operations was in his brain.

As I looked upon him I saw a man of medium stature with black hair pushed back pompadour. The thick mass was slightly streaked with gray. His face was bronzed by exposure and markedly wrinkled for so young a man, but it was handsome. His dark eyes, peculiarly piercing, glistened with good humor. In repose his features are far from stern, as is shown in current photographs. When his lips parted he looked more like an artist than a soldier. He comes from Naples, and could pass for a Grand Opera star. His was a delightful blend of strength and tenderness. And the moment he spoke—his voice was as sweet and mellow as a silver bell—I was won completely to him.

I extended greetings, to which he replied:

"I hope your visit will bring Italy closer to you. I shall welcome the day when I see American troops in Italy."

"America appreciates the great number of your countrymen who come to its shores," I began rather boldly.

"And we appreciate them more when they come back," he added quickly. "We hope the Americans will be as much better for being in Italy, as Italians are for having been in America."

When I spoke of the refugee children, his liquid eyes softened, and rising and going to a table, he took up a book containing pictures, showing children in school rooms, and how Italy is caring for the refugees. He presented the book to me, saying:

"Doesn't that look like America?"

All our conversation was carried on through an interpreter. The General frequently supplemented question and answer by his own comments, and we just kept on talking with our hands—forgetting the interpreter. When I suggested that he should come to America, he said: "Yes, after the war. Everything comes after the war."

As I timidly ventured to inquire, "How are things going at the front?" he raised his finger prophetically and said:

"*Sperta et verdi!*" ("Wait and see!")

When I asked him for his photograph, he sent immediately for it. In autographing it, he dashed it off so quickly and well that his every movement indicated a man of literary cultivation. After speaking of America and Italy, over his name he wrote: "*Unione fedeli, fede vuna, energie agione.*" ("Union with heart and soul, and one for energy and action") April 26, 1918."

As I started to go away he arose, extended his hand and surprised me by saying in English, "Thank you very much." Not to be outdone in courtesy, I replied, "*Grazie*" ("Thank you").

Then we returned to Padua where we found Major Fabri, a native American, now in the service of the American Red Cross, and whose father was once partner in the J. Pierpont Morgan firm. From Padua we sent our luggage on to Verona, to make room in the automobile in which we were to travel, for the *lira* (money) which the Major was to distribute to the mayors and padres in every small community, for relief among the refugees. Here we were joined by a father and son. The father was a captain and the son a lieutenant in the Italian Army. The soldier-family had been separated by the exigencies of service in different fields. Long shall I carry in

my heart the picture of that father and son in the joy of their reunion. During the entire trip their exchange of experiences was accompanied by the most fervent affection for each other.

It was biting cold and the Lieutenant handed me an overcoat. It had service stars on the collar and sleeve. When the Lieutenant saw the soldiers along the way saluting me, he suggested that it would be better to take the stars off, which was done. Yet for a while I passed as an Italian army officer.

Major Fabri had provided rations for the journey. Forward again flashed the red "Fiat." The chauffeur was a dare-devil. We swept past village after village, their campaniles standing out like passing milestones. On the road military activities were more and more in evidence. At one place we encountered a herd of cows—and they acted as cows always do. After our delay we were on again, and did not pause until we reached Thiene, where the British headquarters are located.

We were in the plateau of the Asiago. In the villages, which dotted the landscape, not a civilian remained. Every piece of furniture in the houses was gone. Here where domestic tranquility once reigned, and around doorsteps where happy children played, arose only gaunt and irregular walls,

mutely protesting the ruthless scourge which had swept over it.

Behind and above this wide stretch of crumbling desolation, rose the Julian Alps, their white peaks crowned with snow, their ravines robed in purple, and their foothills bathed in a russet glow. They stood there in eloquent silence declaring that a people whose motives were as pure as the sifted snows, whose loyalty was as glorious as the blue garments they wore, and whose sacrifice was redder than their deepest tones, would some day find eternal foundations, and be lifted high in the light of heaven.

What a setting for the operations of the British and French, and now the American armies, who have come to stand side by side with the Italian in stemming the red-death stalking unashamed through the passes!

The rest of the way to the mountains lay along roads heavily camouflaged. Toward the enemy a green foliage matting stretched mile after mile, which, while not preventing the enemy from knowing the road's location, served to obscure the observation of troops passing to and fro, and eliminated sniping.

Reaching the Tyrolean Alps, we had a view of the little narrow gauge road from a different

angle than that of the tourist. In our motor car we were actually among the scenes which the railroad only commands at a distance. More villages were encountered, the dwellings in each fearfully demolished. When I remarked upon the desolation, my Lieutenant companion said:

"Wait until you get to my town."

And when we finally reached it, what terrible destruction had been wrought. Not a building escaped. The Austrians were good gunners, having picked out the houses and potted them, one by one. Only a few straggling soldiers furnished any semblance of life.

Some incidents in any journey stand out with greater vividness than others. For me now is to describe in broken words the climacteric experience of my life.

No array of sentences can picture the journey from the plans of Piave to Mount Grappa. The distance is no less than a hundred miles, and it was made in a single day.

We stopped at the village of Piovene, and my Lieutenant companion said, "Are you game?" Not knowing all it meant, I assented. I had not come over seas and continents to count hazards.

I soon learned that he referred to the Telliferico, a little aerial railroad which runs up six thousand

feet to the highest peak. The car or wire basket which furnishes accommodation for two persons is attached to an overhead cable—one car goes up, and the other comes down, both gravity and power being used. In the car one must lie down. It is in these little baskets the guns and munitions are carried up, and the wounded are brought down.

For fully thirty minutes we lay in the car going up the Telliferico six thousand feet. No sounds, save the clicking ratchet of the cable wheels overhead, and our voices, were heard, and our voices seldom disturbed the silence, for with peak after peak passing in view, deep caverns yawning, and stretching Alpine vistas as far as the eye could reach, it was no time for words. We were holding our breath. Far below and underneath curved in and out between the ranges the Astico River, its bluest of blue waters, flecked by white foam, showing the tumult of its soul.

Reaching the top, we left the Telliferico and landed knee-deep in mud.

On the trails above mules were footing their way slowly upwards, bearing their precious burden of supplies. Along the trail wherever the curve permitted, gun emplacements had been cut in the solid mountains.

At the barracks we were received by the officer

in charge who invited us in for coffee. It is the custom farther up to stop at all the barracks and take coffee with the officers.

And from here up these barracks multiply fast. By the time I had finally reached the top I was full up, so it seemed, of coffee. I never drank so much coffee before and I never expect to again. But I was grateful that Nature provided me liberally with the capacity of being sociable.

From Telliferico station to the trenches on Mount Verena is one thousand feet, and the only way to reach the latter is up a road which winds round and round like the stair treads in the Washington monument. Every step of the way must be on foot, and with my normal weight and the additional burden of coffee, I am not surprised that my Lieutenant companion frequently asked:

"Do you think you can make it?" or "How's your heart?"

I replied, "My heart is all right, but my stomach is in the way."

Every step now was through snow and slush and mud. My feet were soaked, my clothing smeared, and my gloves looked as if I had been in a sewer main. Every now and then we stopped for a breathing spell. At one of these was a scene that haunts me even now.

There on a comparatively flat ledge were numberless white crosses. It was a cemetery of the soldier-dead. Here those who had fallen by their guns in the first great push, had been laid to rest, close up to heaven's blue walls where they died, and from which their spirits easily mounted to the peace plains of the Eternal City. There slept their sacred dust, under the white blanket of the snow, with not so much as a large-eyed daisy to look down tearfully upon them. Yet they climbed the altar stairs to glory, and their memory will remain with the enduring Alps.

At another stop my companion pointed to a distant peak, saying, "I spent six months in the little barracks at that point in an observation post, and during that time never once left it."

It was in that post, during the early stages of the war, that an Italian commander, Austrian born, was captured by the enemy and shot.

On we climbed. It would rain, then sleet, then snow, the ascent becoming more and more difficult. But the stops were many, and here as at the other barracks the officer took us in, and gave us more coffee.

Finally we reached the headquarters of the Commander. He proved to be Major Effisio Toulu, who wore a monocle. The barracks were

built into the side of the mountain, and contained quite a few rooms, many of them papered with actresses' pictures and cartoons. They were all lighted by electricity and had telephones. Every splinter of that lumber and the materials which entered into the construction of the building were carried up that last one thousand feet by mules.

The Major was a jovial fellow! Off-hand he said at once:

"We're keeping them busy up here." When asked if there was much shooting, he said:

"We shoot so many shells every day, just to let them know we are here."

When we inquired about the time of shooting he said: "The exercises begin soon."

"Can I stay?" I hesitatingly inquired. "Sure Mike," he cried, and laughed hilariously. Evidently it was the only bit of the American tongue he had picked up. I was willing to change my name to see the show.

It was a dramatic moment when, lower down, I had looked through an opening in the peaks and saw for the first time the Austrian frontier. But the upshot of all my experiences was now to come.

He conducted us to a narrow walk on the side of a rugged peak.

"Bend low," he cautioned, "If they see, they will pepper." So skulking like Indians, we crept along until we entered a long winding tunnel. There were short lateral tunnels leading out of the main one, where stood concealed mortars and howitzers with their noses pointed in the air.

I said to the Major, "Is there any danger here?"

"Not unless they blow the top of the mountain off," he sniffed.

We entered another barracks and here we had more coffee. Then on through a tunnel to a terrace, which led to the tip-top peak, we climbed a ladder, perhaps a hundred feet. Another winding tunnel, and through a tiny peek hole in the solid rock, was *an Austrian camp, not over fifty yards away*, the smoke of the fire curling leisurely upward, to dissipate in the thin air, or be lost amid the snows. The enemy was there.

The Major said enthusiastically:

"Now we'll see the fireworks." Ordering my Lieutenant companion to fire, the latter phoned to his own battery stationed below.

In a twinkling of an eye, a ribbon of fire shot past the peek hole. Smoke puffed on the opposite peak, and through the glasses camp utensils could be seen flying into the air. We saw all this before we heard the report.

"It's a hit," the Major shouted. Then turning to the Lieutenant he praised him on the work of his battery.

I had seen more than brain could comprehend. Here at the very peak of the Alps, the eye of Italy is on Austria.

Descending the ladder, we entered once more the barracks, where camp dogs added a little domesticity to the solitary loneliness.

Passing down one of the tunnels, I heard a shout. I did not know the language, but I recognized the tone, and "ducked," lying flat down, close to the eternal walls. An Austrian "skodda" was trying to become sociable.

Now, for the descent of the Telliferíco! I lay face up. The incline was so steep the car was almost upright—at such an angle that the whole scene spread out before me. The great peaks underneath looked like hillocks. Great mountain valleys from which the snow has never departed since the morning stars sang together at creation, were bathed in almost every blue and purple tone. Peaks swept on until in the distance they dissolved in the gray mist, as dimunitive and pointed as a collection of army tents.

When we had descended and reached the point where the Lieutenant's battery was located, the

very same which had so accurately saluted the enemy, I noticed a tally board where a record of every shot, and results as far as they are known, is kept day by day.

Turning to the barracks for dinner, we were just finishing our soup, when a shell smashed over the battery. The Austrians had the range now.

The Lieutenant coolly said:

"Guess we will have to move again."

The casualties numbered four mules which were grazing about in the little space.

Here I was sent to bed, until my clothing and shoes were dry enough to be wearable. Getting out of bed, we started on the one-hundred-mile ride to Verona, then through Vincenza. It was the wildest ride I ever experienced. The rain came pouring down. We were soon soaked to the skin. In the darkness, for we had no headlights, we hardly knew where we were going. Not until we arrived at Verona at one a.m., did I have a feeling of safety.

In the darkness we toured within the historic walls of the city for nearly an hour trying to locate the leading hotel, and when we finally did, and sought for admission, the porter shook his head, until he learned that we were the two guests whose luggage had preceded us. Rooms were provided,

but nothing else. Not a crumb to eat, not even a hot swallow to warm us. Major Fabri said:

"We're due for pneumonia tomorrow." But the porter hung out our wearing apparel under the gabled roof to dry, and Sunday morning we woke up to find our clothes cleaned, brushed and pressed, and sauntered forth for all the world feeling like "two gentlemen of Verona."

XIII

WITH THE ROLLING CANTEEN IN ITALY

IT was on the plateau of the Asiago, where the British troops were stationed, that I had my first glimpse of the American Rolling Canteen. Leaving Vincenza in the early morning, our way was through many a village levelled by Austrian guns. In a cloud of dust sent up by the Canteen, we rode on through the day, until in the evening we came to more bombarded towns, and drew up under the ruins of a campanile—nearly every town having one—the architecture reflecting Venetian influence of earlier days.

Under the crumbled walls of a house the Red Cross kitchen was located. It somewhat resembles a lunch wagon, and was no sooner in place than soldiers were flocking about it like bees around honey. In the early evening, with cool gray mists curling about, it was a welcome heat unit. The village was deserted, everything was damp and dismal, not another fire for miles

ANDRE CITROEN, FRANCE'S FOREMOST MUNITION MANUFACTURER

At left, in conversation with General Pershing and a French officer

LE MARECHAL JOFFRE

around. Is it any wonder that men whether eating or drinking, warming their hands, or sipping the steaming soup, were filled with good cheer?

Most soldiers are, seemingly, always hungry, and anything differing from the regular army rations appeals to them. The Rolling Canteen supplies soup, coffee, and cigarettes—strange combination—but war has shown these odd associates to be the epicurean delight of soldiers. Especially do they relish a steaming cup of coffee which they will drink every two or three hours.

To see a group around one of these kitchens was to be reminded of a throng of chattering Italians often seen in railroad construction camps in the United States. There was little difference in the uniform of these men, except that some had jaunty caps, while others wore Alpine hats adorned with a feather. Coffee always started the flow of jocularity, and any attention by the workers brought from the soldiers an enthusiastic "*Grazie.*" (Thank you.)

One big fellow, a giant among his comrades, had the distinction of having been in America, and was the cynosure of all as he came forward to speak to the Americano. He saluted as he glimpsed the tiny American flag in my buttonhole, and told

me in Italio-English that he once was in business on Broadway, New York City.

"What was your line," I queried.

"Put upa da foot." And as if to prove his assertion grasped a canteen dishcloth and proceeded to demonstrate by polishing up my "Regal russet beauties." The snap of the cloth, a trick unknown in Italy, indicated him to have been a professional shoe-shiner in our great cosmopolitan city. As they grouped themselves on crags by the roadside, or amid barbed wire entanglements, the onlooking soldiers looked like a male chorus in "Il Trovatore."

"When I was in New York I subscriba to da Americano Red Cross," he proudly told me. "Now we geta da goods," he said, pointing to the big Rolling Canteen.

These Rolling Canteens lumber along the camouflaged roads like circus wagons. As a war vehicle, they have the right of way, and we often pulled into the ditch to let them pass, and willingly so, for they were going forward with relief and cheer to the soldiers returning from the front.

The work of operating the Rolling Canteen is as hazardous as any work of the Red Cross. Since my return I have received word of the death of Lieutenant Edward McKay, who was in charge

of Canteen No. 1 in Italy. I am not surprised, for the workers must travel dangerous roads just back of the front line, and are exposed to shell fire the same as soldiers. No man could die more truly in the line of duty than Lieutenant McKay. I found him stationed in one of the most hazardous passes in the mountains of the Western Italian front, the place where the last Austrian drive began. He was the only American in that section when I was there. His presence in such a place brought a salute from me, for the Rolling Canteen was a tangible evidence of the help of "big brothers" from across the sea. Imagine for yourself the picture as I saw it only a few weeks before the drive in which the brilliant young lieutenant lost his life! Above the kitchen on three sides are towering mountains. The pass is so narrow that there is room only for a built-in road, a few feet above a narrow dry stream. Great boulders from the cliffs are dislodged by shell fire and come rolling down the canyon. No water is in the ravine now, but when the snows melt or heavy rain falls, the dry bed of the stream may become a flume, through which a flood will rush with all the fury of a mountain freshet.

The limit to which one may go is the head of the pass, for the enemy is just beyond, and he is

on high, too. Far above the pass and blocking it at the farther end, is a mountain of granite. On that peak are the Austrians. Their guns command the defile. The enemy is so near that one feels the danger of even a stone being thrown from the emplacements, yet that peak is a mile in the air.

Some day the desperate Austrians will try to come through that pass. Indeed, they have already tried it, and have swarmed a thousand strong to the very spot where Rolling Canteen No. 1 stands, only to be beaten back by the Italians.

Once or twice a day, and nearly every night, Austrian gunners send shells crashing down into that shut-in place. The big 175's and 145's, together with the smaller members of the destruction family, send shots against the rocks and scatter shrapnel in all directions. The bomb-proof shelters must be sought, for nothing can live in the pass when the battery opens. Of course, men with nerves steeled become accustomed to danger, and as soon as there is a lull in the firing, the pass is inhabited again, the men coming from holes in the mountain sides to wink at the Austrian gunners on high and drink non-chalantly of the Red Cross coffee.

Now and then a bit of humor is added to the grim business. Sometimes the big shells fail to explode. There is one 175 fully charged standing on its base at the place where it landed, about twenty yards from the Rolling Canteen. It is fenced about with barbed wire and a rudely stencilled sign tacked to a scantling reads:

PERICOLOSO

"Perilous?" I should say so. The slightest jar might loose the forces inside the unexploded missile and scatter destruction over a radius several times twenty yards. Yet the men toy with it, dressing it up occasionally, putting a helmet and gas mask over its pointed nose. Perilous pastime!

One shell which failed to explode afterwards served a useful purpose. The men of Canteen No. 1 recovered it and uncapping it drew its charge. They needed a coffee grinder just then very badly and the empty shell, weighing some sixty pounds, was converted into a roller to crush the coffee berries until a grinder could be secured from headquarters.

Troops which have been on duty in the pass or mountain-sides come to the Canteen by the

hundreds. Sometimes hot and hungry, at other times cold and hungry, but always hungry and always tired. It is here their appetites are relieved and their spirits revived. The American khaki uniform always gives promise of this. The Canteen men are usually waiting for them, the coffee is hot and food ever ready to serve. And there is American jam—plenty of it—to spread on the dry bread which the soldiers carry with them. Twenty-five hundred have been served in a single day by Canteen No. 1. Is it any wonder they go on their way down the mountain pass, or back to their dugouts with lighter hearts and voicing a new friendship between Italy and America?

Red Cross men in charge of a Rolling Canteen must live close to the kitchen—it may mean a lean-to or a hut or a tent. Lieutenant McKay lived in a camouflaged shack built against a cliff which rose many meters overhead. When the shells were flying at night, he took refuge in a sandbagged cave on the nose of a mountain where it was difficult to get a word either to or from him.

Out of the mountain pass has come only two requests, one for the coffee-grinder, the other for a phonograph to amuse the soldiers. Now and

again comes a command from the colonel of the regiment to have luncheon on the mountain top, for the officers appreciate the work that is being done fully as much as the soldiers of the line. It is an hour's climb to the top of the mountain by a zigzag footpath, but the Red Cross man brushes up his uniform, mounts a mule sent by the colonel and then on the peak there is much talk of the relief work of America.

The men engaged in rolling canteen work are specially selected for the business in hand, and they find joy in the opportunity for exceptional service.

From place to place these canteens go, following the needs of the soldiers. They are strongly built affairs of iron and steel, looking like big kitchen ranges on wheels. They have six places each for spacious set-in kettles, where coffee and occasionally soup may be kept always hot. Under the kettles is an oven burning wood, and once the metal kettles are heated, they will remain hot for sixteen hours at a time. Whether the soldiers pass in the night or the day, there is always something steaming hot to cheer them at these busy little Red Cross hotels on wheels. They are taken from one station to another by the "mother-car," a big lorry which serves as a storehouse for the jam and the coffee. Just

think of it—jam and coffee! Was there ever a time in the experiences of human life when jam and coffee mean more than now to these soldiers? The regular army rations pale into insignificance beside the jam—raspberry, blackberry, any kind—just so long as it is jam. For soldiers are boys again, great big boys, and the little things of life become very big and real, especially when they bring up memories of home and mother. Jam does this wonderfully. It rejuvenates, exhilarates, and makes the hardy veterans young again.

The Rolling Canteen fills not only a needed but unique place in war work. It not only ministers to the medicinal needs of fighters, but it furnishes a little by-play, a sort of home pantry with a "bite between meals." Wherever it goes, it tells the men at the front that those at home are thinking of them and planning for their comfort.

Standing there I thought, what would mothers not give to be able to spread a piece of bread with jam for her boy. I am sure she would "spread it thick."

XIV

ANDRE CITROEN, AN INDUSTRIAL LEADER OF FRANCE

AN unexpected circumstance furnished an opportunity for a glimpse into industrial France. After speaking at a luncheon in Paris, in which reference was made to America's industrial achievements in the work of the war, a young man, under forty, approached. He was rather under medium height, with round face set off with a stubby mustache. Through his glasses I saw a pair of inquisitive eyes. He looked like my friend, L. K. Liggett.

"You've told the story well," he said. "Would you like to visit an industrial plant and see how we are doing things over here?"

There was a pleasing challenge in his tone, combined with compelling modesty. I no sooner nodded assent than we were whirling down the banks of the Seine, past Eiffel Tower, to Javal.

The name, Andre Citroen, up to this time, meant very little to me. We stopped at a cluster

of old renovated buildings, now transformed into, as I soon learned, a department store. On the first floor of the building was a meat shop, in the center of which was a glass counter so constructed as to afford a clear view through it all. The most appetizing array of meats were displayed in an attractive way. The prices were plainly marked, and so low as almost to cause a shock—a pound of ham less than the price of a sandwich.

In other rooms of this building were to be found various kinds of food and wearing apparel. These rooms contained every article from sausages to millinery.

Across the way was a shoe shop. Shoes at figures less than in the United States. And these were war prices, too! Various rooms were stored with hardware and useful household utensils. The main thing everywhere was the price. All customers had cards, without which they could not buy.

"Looking after the necessities first," was his laconic comment, as partial explanation as to why we had stopped here in a supposed examination of an industrial plant.

Every customer held his card as if it was a government bond. Marked on it was the amount of each purchase. No money was used. At the

end of every week the totals were added and the profits, whatever they were, reverted directly to the purchasers. The customers were exclusively in the employ of Mr. Citroen. "Large purchases and short accounts is the story," he said.

With very little comment about his own business, he kept up a rapid-fire of questions about the United States.

On the historic road to Versailles is Javal. In less time than it takes to tell it, we were there and visiting a baby nursery. Here were forty or fifty nursing babies in the arms of mothers who had just returned from work, and who were chattering merrily about their babies, like children over dolls, each comparing the various points of excellence or beauty in the child. After a half hour these mothers would go back to the munition factory. They make these visits five times a day.

"*En a-t-il se jolis yeux?*" said one young mother to me. Mr. Citroen translated her words: "Has he not pretty eyes?" I nodded assent. "*Mais il a les cheveux roux,*" jokingly added Mr. Citroen, referring to the auburn hair. "*Ou ne trouverait pas de plus beaux cheveux dans toute la ville de Venise, Monsieur.*" She said it so prettily I asked for the translation. "One could not find prettier hair in all the city of Venice, Monsieur."

The hospital is in charge of expert nurses and is provided with every convenience. The wealthiest child on earth could not be better cared for. The fatiguing elements which every mother must bear in caring for a child are here entirely eliminated —only the joys remain. Wakeful nights with a fretful child are unknown. In sickness the child has the best that science and the medical world can provide. "Just the age of my little one at home," he said, taking up a wee tot. I was beginning to know Andre Citroen.

"We can save fifty thousand babies of the working women of France in a year," he added, "if these nurseries multiply fast enough."

Before I had recovered from my surprise at these two visits, I was in the largest munition factory in France. Acres on acres of floor space were covered with finished shells. The rims and tips were painted brown and yellow. Electric trucks, driven by girls, were whizzing by like figures shown by a crazy camera on a screen. There seemed to be as much of a rush as in bringing up ammunition on the front lines. Yet every movement from crude iron to finished product was devoid of wasted energy.

Through building after building, past miles and miles of lathes, foundries, welding machines,

trip hammers, blazing forges, and power rooms; going from plant to plant, covering acres and acres of ground, I became so confused with the magnitude that I was unable to comprehend what it was all about until, out of the grimy smoke and away from the noise of the hammer and whirr of wheels, I stood once more in the open air, and saw electric trucks in a continuous stream pouring the finished shells into countless cars to be taken to arsenal and then to the battle-field; I realized then the tremendous scope and power of the plant I had been through, and the meaning of the name Andre Citroen.

After this we took our places at a table in a great dining hall. "Still looking after the necessities, you see," he remarked. We were seated in the same chairs as had been occupied by General Pershing and other Generals, Ambassadors, Presidents, Premiers, and distinguished visitors from all the Allied countries. Before us were thousands upon thousands of men and women eating. They come here in shifts and manifested all the care-freedom of the boulevard. The capacity of the hall provides for three thousand of employes.

We ate the same food as the munition workers. I think it was Lloyd George who said, after a meal here: "For me this excels Hotel Crillon at its best."

At Christmas five thousand children of the employees were given a dinner, each one presented a gift, and enjoyed a moving picture show. Not a child was accompanied by its parent, but not one was lost. Mrs. Sharpe, wife of the American ambassador, was one of the patronesses at this occasion. The real Andre Citroen was beginning to come out.

Born in Rue Lafitte at the Place de Pere, he is a native Parisian. He is a graduate in the Engineering Department of the Polytechnic School, and served as an officer in the Artillery. For thirteen years he was a manufacturer of motor cars. When the war broke out, he was at the front, serving six months during the early drive. Here he saw a pitiable lack of ammunition. He went to the Department of War and obtained from the government, after much difficulty, the financial backing of six million francs on condition that he would erect a plant in six months, capable of turning out five thousand shells a day. His former partners refused to join him in the undertaking. Undaunted, he began alone. Hence the one name of his plant, Andre Citroen.

At the end of six months, he was turning out five thousand. This was in August, 1915. By July, 1917, he was turning out forty thousand a day,

and now, in 1918, approximately sixty thousand, together with one million bullets. In the production of this huge output, three hundred and fifty tons of iron and one hundred tons of lead are consumed every twenty-four hours.

The personnel of his plant embraces ten thousand men and women. Six thousand are women, two thousand disabled soldiers, and two thousand men over and under military age.

Some idea of the welfare of his employes may be shown by the manner in which the teeth are looked after, his dental force operating on one hundred a day. The teeth of every employe are gone over every month. All the cooks, waitresses and chefs, together with all others having contact with the food, have their nails freshly manicured every day. Two hundred and fifty births among the women in his employ have been recorded since 1915, over one hundred of whom have been looked after by his nursery staff.

Mr. Citroen deals only with three men in the administration of the plant. First, one on installation; the second, on fabrication; the third, on health and welfare. He is his own sales manager and purchasing agent. He also buys the coal for all the factories in Paris. The industries in Paris alone consume about half the coal used in

the entire country. Women are almost exclusively employed in the laboratories. The wages of his employes have doubled since he first started his plant, and with the advantages of the "company store" they save money and invest in French bonds. He contends that every one of the twenty-four provinces of France should buy their own necessities, thus reducing the cost to the people.

Leaving, we went down into the Metro Tube (the subway). It was just at the hour of changing shifts. Trains were coming and going in a bewildering stream, part bringing employes, and part taking them home. Looking into their faces, we could not discern any difference in expression on those coming from, to those going to work. Both throngs seemed equally bright, vigorous and contented.

"Monsieur," he said, with an unspeakable gladness in his eyes, "this is the test."

As I looked upon him, his happiness seemed complete in the knowledge that beyond all industrial achievements, is the people—their contentment, joy of service, and their moral and physical well-being. In his human impulses I now felt that I knew Andre Citroen.

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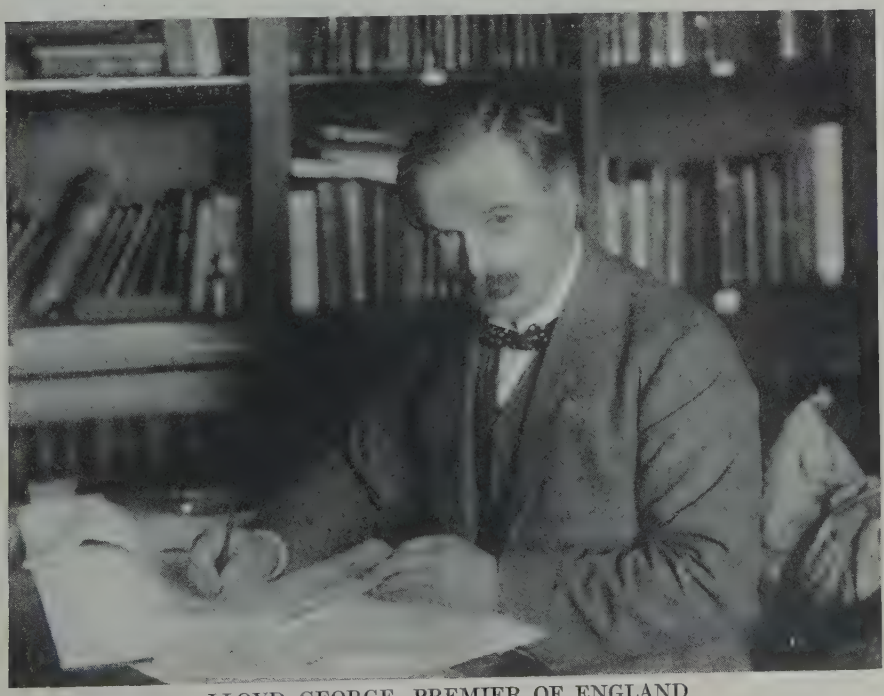
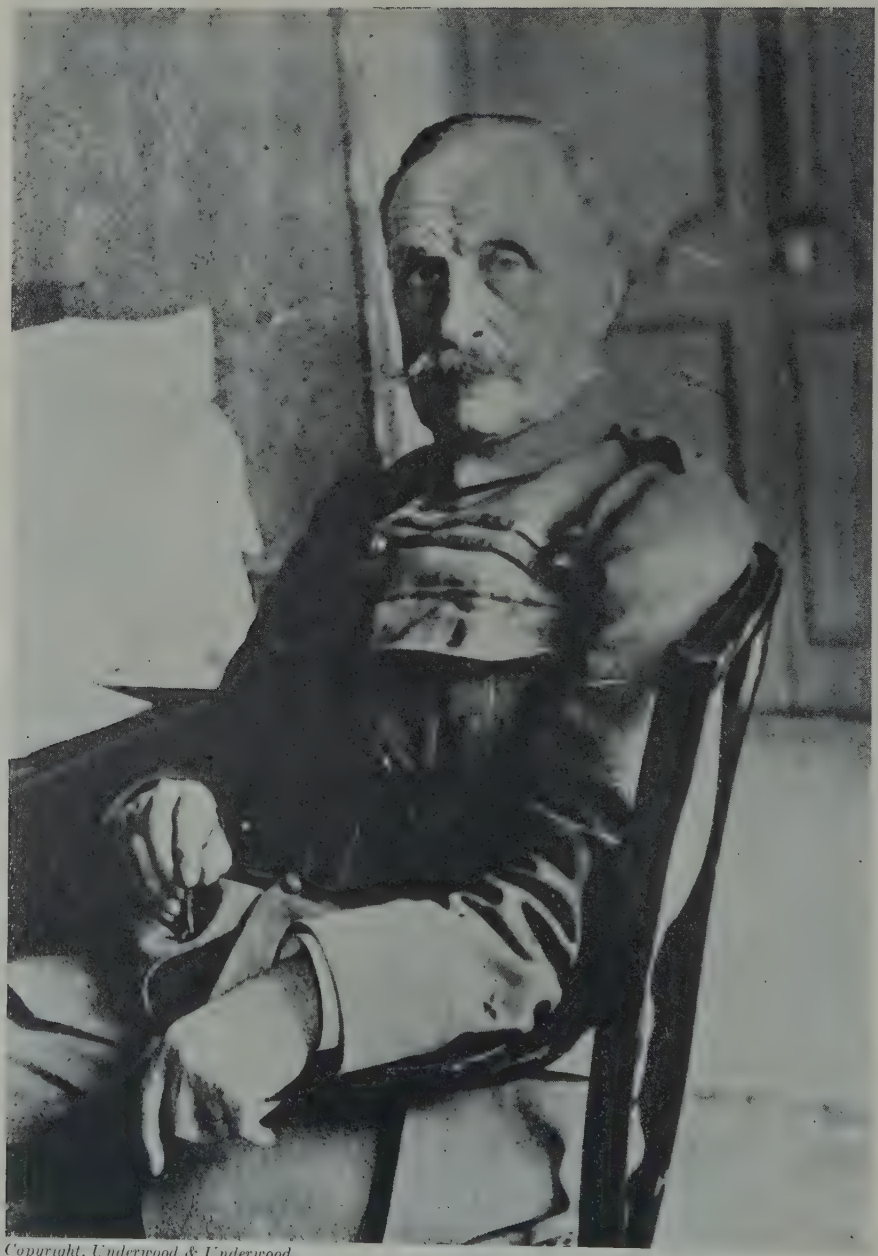
SIR DOUGLAS HAIG, COMMANDER IN CHIEF OF BRITISH ARMY



LLOYD GEORGE, PREMIER OF ENGLAND



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GENERALISSIMO FOCH
Commander-in-Chief of Allied Armies

XV

GENERALISSIMO FOCH, THE STRATEGIST

WHAT I expected to find in the Generalissimo of the Allied armies was just the reverse of what I did find. Nothing of the towering greatness which belongs to supreme leaders was in evidence. His personal appearance was disappointing. Somewhat undersized, of slight build—with no trace of the athlete, his face bronzed and deeply lined—there was nothing in his physical appearance that was imposing.

Even the salute between him and General Pershing was one of brotherly warmth rather than of military dignity. When through the interpreter I told him that I had spent the previous Sunday with Marshal Joffre and from that interview had tried to assimilate proper manners with which to approach one of his rank, he simply smiled. Even the sharp clicking of my heels and my quick and formal salute seemed to amuse him more than anything else.

But I soon learned that his simplicity was his greatness. Living, as he has all his life, apart from society, and having little interest in it, he lacks all the graces which are conspicuous in many of his subordinates.

The abstemious life which he acquired in youth and has rigidly maintained accounts in part for his slender frame. His parents lacked the means to educate their sons liberally and the habits formed in the Polytechnic days cling to him even now. He is essentially an intellectual—a brain on fire.

His head is peculiarly formed. Even his military red cap twined with golden oak leaves sat strangely on his head as he stood before me. Yet above his square jaw and firm mouth were eyes which seemed to see everything. His whole bearing suggested the class-room rather than the battle-field.

Yet he was far from the stoic. There was a quickness and intensity about his movements which indicated temperament and bore out the things which I had heard about him. Among his associates he is regarded as highly nervous. His gestures were few but flashing. His movements were unexpected, surprising, and distinctively his own.

I had not been with him long before I could discern that he was a man apart from any civilian standards—original, surprising, and magnetic.

Though he saw service in 1870, the greater part of his life has been entirely out of the public view. Yet during those forty silent years he has not been inactive, nor have they been voiceless years. He often says, "Next to military experience is military history." From the ends of the earth this mystic brain has been drawing inductions from the greatest battles of history. From Caesar and Napoleon to present-day leaders he has assimilated the tactics which he has disseminated in the class room at the war academy, and in his published works. Once every ten years some volume on technical strategy has appeared from his pen. Artillery has been one of his specialties.

During this war much has been said about the French '75's. It is not generally known that Foch put on a workingman's blouse and went about the Creusot Works when he was commissioned to make an official report on the gun which has made life intolerable for the Huns.

From all these years of experiment and meditation he has come forth as the one supreme military brain of the age. Only sixty-seven years of age he is a Zeus in knowledge and deserving of

the tribute paid to him by Joffre, who had known him from early childhood, they having been boys together: "The greatest strategist in Europe and the humblest."

It is because he knows that his Staff listens to him. It is significant that nearly all the generals prominent in the French Army today were once his pupils. His brain is the brain of the French Army. Berlin has recognized it and he is ranked by the *Militar-Wochenblatt*, official organ of the Berlin general staff, as the one strategist of high capacity in the ranks of the Allies.

At the battle of the Marne he stepped out of the quiet atmosphere of the class-room to be known henceforth as a Caesar in conception and a Napoleon in action, to illustrate to the world his one great axiom "find the weak spot of the enemy and surprise him; if there is no weak spot make one."

In that memorable battle on September 9th, he believed there must be a gap between the Prussian Guard and the Saxon Army. From all the country round he brought his artillery, and when he crushed the guard on the Saint-Gond marshes, a new field genius was born.

His famous message to Joffre at this battle will be repeated as long as the world stands: "My

right and left wings are turned and my center is crushed in, but I am attacking immediately."

No battle in history could have shown the man better than this. Contrary to all military tactics—the placing of superior forces opposite a weak point—he attacked with a broken and shattered army forces vastly outnumbering his own, utterly confounding them.

During the anxious days in March and April, 1918, when the enemy was driving deep wedges into his front, contrary to all expectations, and against all his subscribed theories of the value of attack, he said: "Wait a little."

He must *know*. The temperament of the French people—he *knows*. His whole career suggests that he is the one man to *know*. His grip on his generals, calling them each by name, carries the conviction that he *knows*. Void of all isolation, incident to his command, out on the field as he was at the Marne when wounded, knowing infantryman and artilleryman, proves he must *know*. Holding the confidence of the whole Allied world, bearing in his hands the destinies of all free peoples, he must *know*.

XVI

SIR DOUGLAS HAIG, BRITISH COMMANDER

I NEVER went so far and spent so little time with a person of note as with Sir Douglas Haig, especially when this was the sole purpose of this particular journey. But there was a reason. The most critical days of the war were on, and the Huns were taking up most of Sir Douglas' attention. The difficulty of reaching his headquarters was augmented by bombardment. Transportation was a puzzle.

My visit with Sir Douglas consisted principally of a salute. He was just starting away with his orderlies. As he sat in the saddle, every inch a horseman, he was the perfect picture of the Hussar of years ago—and this skill probably was partially responsible for his entry into the army. When at Oxford he was all set for a literary career, but reverses came in the family and he was obliged to seek other fields. It was his ability as a rider that at this time suggested

the cavalry, but the cavalry was not then in high repute with the military authorities.

It was not until Kitchener began his great expedition into Sudan that Haig's horsemanship availed him much. Yet through that long and exhaustive drive in the desert with Kitchener he accomplished something few have ever succeeded in doing. He made the cold iron of the Earl bend to the warmth in his nature and to a recognition of his worth. It was not until the Boer War that he came fully to his own. It was his cavalry which turned the British reverse into a success.

Sir Douglas has always been a strong champion for cavalry, and has been an ardent admirer all his life of J. E. B. Stuart, the cavalry leader of the Confederacy, whom he regarded as the supreme cavalry genius of the nineteenth century. Even when he was at Aldershot he impressed Stuart's career upon his staff. He even prophesied that Berlin would rue the day when she failed to develop this arm of service.

At Cambrai, after Byng's drive had begun to slow down, it was the British cavalry which delivered such crushing blows and vindicated Sir Douglas' belief in its value.

As he sat there on his horse somebody remarked: "Did you ever see a more graceful rider?" He was

about the last word in a carefully-groomed soldier. His hair was smoothed down even to the last stray lock, his face fresh-shaven, except, of course, his military mustache. All in all, he looked much younger than his years indicate.

As I gazed into his face so finely chiseled, I did not wonder that he was the one man to cause a flutter in the feminine heart and to be enshrined there as the ideal soldier. On this day his face had a very serious cast. He reminded me of the iron Kitchener whom I had seen riding in the Coronation parade. A sunny Scotch smile overspread Haig's handsome features as he rode away.

One of the Scotch soldiers standing about pointed to one of his company and said:

"That's the Chief's chaplain. Ye ken he's vera religious."

It is reported that Sir Douglas' chaplain goes with him everywhere. He has the soul of a Scot and never misses a morning service at the front. Inquiring my way to headquarters, I had encountered a number of the "Hieland" boys, but they were unaccompanied by the squeaking strains of the bagpipe.

While waiting for Sir Douglas' return, I had an opportunity to glimpse his headquarters. One article is always indispensable in his room, and

that is the Bible. Probably it was the very same one which he lost in the Boer campaign, and for which he mourned until it was found. Sir Douglas is also a keen student of metaphysical and dogmatic subjects, but it may be questioned whether he finds much time for a perusal of these studies now.

What wonder that one of the Scotties standing near should say of him:

"He's a bonny chief."

For Sir Douglas bears out the admiration of his men. Of stainless character and brilliant mind, he would have been the one general to delight Napoleon, who expressed great fondness for a general whose character and intellect blended. The little Corsican deemed that this was a necessity for the highest military success.

He is a great favorite in the British War Office. His fine courtesy and deference being in striking contrast to the brusqueness of Kitchener. It is not often "that manners are the man" in so full a sense as in Sir Douglas Haig. But he is a fighter as well. His dogged determination was seen during the terrific push of the Huns for the Channel ports, and in their efforts to separate the French from the British. His words, "We are standing with our backs against the wall" will long live as

reflecting not only the spirit of this dauntless leader, but of the whole British Empire as well.

My time was up, and Sir Douglas did not return as expected, for the drive was on. I had had a wave of his hand and a few words from the "Tommies" about him. The British soldier is proverbial for what he does not say. I found him so.

Yet as I rode away toward Amiens, our motor car bumping into the fresh destruction wrought by the Huns, and perhaps over the freshest-turned sod by these master plowmen, the picture of Haig fastened itself on my mind. It was a trying time for the British Army, and Sir Douglas Haig during that tempest drive added glory to the valor of British arms. Bravest of brave—the men of Sir Douglas are astonished if complimented upon mere heroism.

"We only do our duty, sir, and Sir Douglas expects that," was the remark of an English sergeant who had been three times wounded and was keen for another "big show" at Ypres with Sir Douglas in command.

XVII

LLOYD GEORGE—THE LION OF NO. 10 DOWNING STREET

THE center of things in the British Empire is No. 10 Downing Street. I visited it twice. The building is located at the end of a short street, which looks like a blind alley, or what we would call in America, a "place." Nobody gets any farther than No. 10. On the door is an old-fashioned knocker. At the side of the door there are three bells—all labeled—one for visitors, one for servants, and one for messengers, so I knew which one to ring.

Once inside, the visitor is impressed with the severe plainness of the place. There is but little furniture, the only conspicuous exception being a high-backed chair, such as might grace a throne room. All around the frieze are heads of animals brought from different parts of the empire and placed there by Lord Asquith's son when the father was Premier. Through a dark hall, hung with pictures of former ministers, you enter the Cabinet

room. In the center is a very wide table covered with green cloth. A few pictures adorn the walls. Looking out of the window is a garden.

In a room to the left was the private secretary, Mr. Sutherland, buried in a mass of papers, and looking like an exchange editor. In the room to the right was another private secretary, Mrs. Stevenson, whose services have extended over a wide period. Many a letter supposed to be signed by a man, with the one name, "Stevenson," is in a woman's handwriting. She is an encyclopedia for names and incidents.

It was in the center room that we met the great spokesman of the British Empire, Lloyd George. Advancing, he said: "Here is where the dirty work was done," referring, in a jocular way, to the acts of a hundred years ago. In personal appearance, he is short, thin and wiry, yet full-chested and of athletic build. One could imagine that in action on the links or in the war office he smites like a lightning flash. A Rooseveltian intensity radiates from his gray eyes. His forehead is full and high, from which, except for a close-parting on the left side, his iron gray hair is pushed straight back. Under his loosely falling mustache it is easy to discern the mouth of an orator. He had aged a bit since I saw him eight years ago, yet he gave

evidence of having grown mightily in physical and mental power.

He had just come in from Walton Heath, where he spends Sundays, resting and hammering out the dents of "trouble-corner."

Lloyd George makes it clear at the start that he does not wish to have his private utterances quoted. What he says for public consumption is given to the people direct. There were lively times at No. 10. The Maurice affair was on. The House of Commons had just given him the vote of confidence on the conduct of the war. Something of the pristine strength of his ringing speech, when he utterly routed his critics, seemed to rest upon him. If Clemenceau carried the role of "The Tiger," Lloyd George looked "The Lion."

When he received a telegram from Billy Sunday, praising him for his speech, he was pleased and said, "Bully for Billy."

The great war had seemed to put more flint than ever in his face, and I could but feel that the words he uttered concerning Clemenceau, "He is a hard man to refuse," might be true of him also.

The Irish question was acute. As I remember, it was Michael Devitt who first inspired in him the idea of running for Parliament. Devitt had been speaking on Home Rule. Lloyd George was

so impressed that he was chosen to move a vote of thanks to the speaker. His words were couched in such lucid and epigrammatic phrase that Devitt told the people he ought to be in the House of Parliament, at the same time prophesying a brilliant career. It would not be strange if he should be instrumental in helping solve the question of Home Rule for Ireland.

As I sat there talking informally with this man, I could not refrain from recalling the massive strides he had taken, not only since I last saw him, but also from his humble beginnings as a barrister in a Welsh town. Left poor by his father, he struggled on until he was admitted to the bar at twenty-one. He often said that his first parliament was in the "smithy" of Hugh Jones in Wales, where, with the townsfolk all questions were discussed for this world and for the next. They "warmed up" with politics, then took up science and philosophy, and came back to politics again.

Denied the privileges of Oxford and Cambridge, he has been granted honorary degrees in both, and during the period of my visit was off to Edinburgh to take another honorary degree. Yet he ever paid tribute to the humble school of his home town, saying "Whatever I do, I owe to the little school at Bethel."

When he first began public life it was the habit of his wife to accompany him everywhere in an inspirational capacity. Later, a marvelously gifted daughter was of incalculable help, and her death was perhaps the greatest sorrow of his life.

His path was never smooth, yet this little David struggled on. When he first entered Parliament, he himself felt that he was a misfit. The scoffs and sneers of the gentry freely came his way. Yet there was one seer in Parliament who recognized his worth and who praised him for his maiden speech—that man was Gladstone.

His first appearance in the Cabinet was in the capacity of a business man rather than that of a lawyer or statesman. He appeared as president of the Board of Trade, which body differs materially from the moribund organizations in this country, for in England the Board of Trade represents the controlling factors in the big business of the Empire. It was in this capacity that he early exemplified a tendency to smash traditions.

A representative of the Seaman's Union furnished me with an illustration of this. He said at one time a delegation, after being promised help, were told to come back for his disposition of the matter. As they did so, they were met by another functionary of the Board, who not only refused

them admittance, but told them that the promised help could not be given. Lloyd George entered, greeted them and asked them to come in, and in ten minutes had done what moss-grown customs said could not be done.

Just at this junction some old Welsh friends came in to call at No. 10 Downing Street. I could not understand the Welsh phrases or names. I did manage, however, to catch the name of one town, and that was Llanystumdwy. No wonder that town produced something, and that his uncle, "the learned cobbler," to whom the boy David was turned over on the death of his father, has in the Premier of Great Britain one not only capable of delivering impassioned speeches in his native tongue, but who is a master of English diction as well. Their visit formed the link to the one great accomplishment of his life.

Like Talleyrand, he seldom ever writes a letter or destroys one. He is pre-eminently a speaker, the only notable exception to this was at Birmingham. He said: "When they refused to hear me, I dictated the speech behind the scenes while the crowd was storming outside; but it was printed in full in the papers next morning. Your Congressional Records contain many speeches never delivered, 'by leave to print,' " he said. All of his

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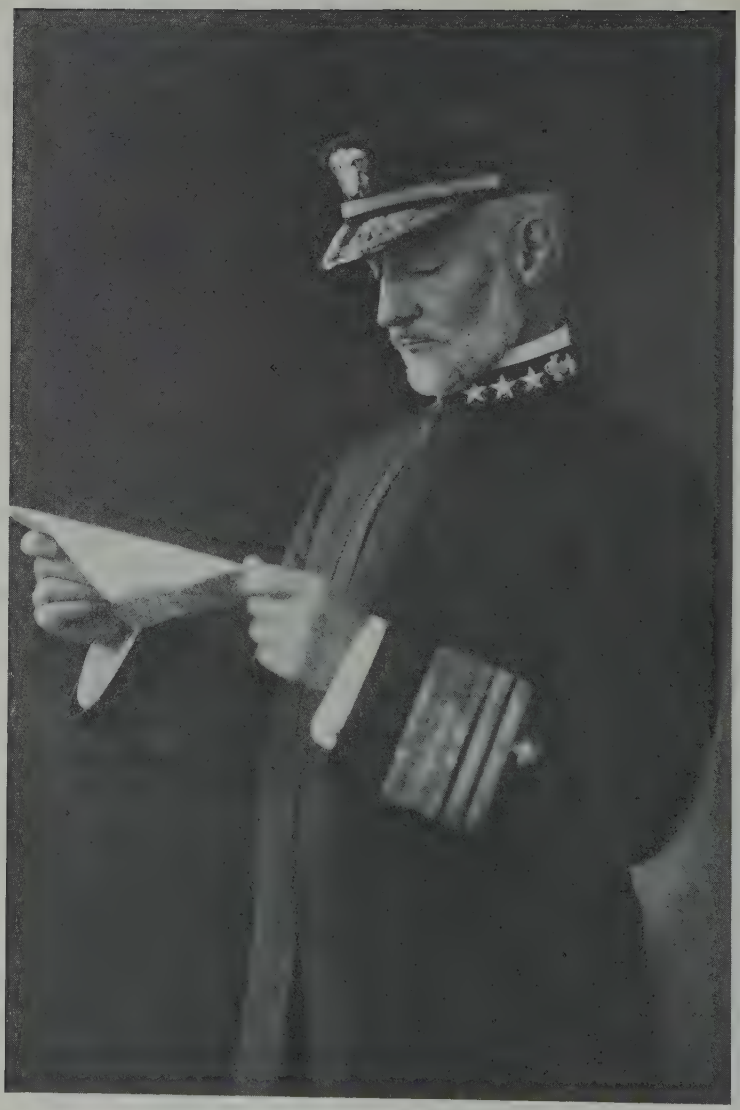
SIR ERIC GEDDES

Britain's First Lord of the Admiralty



ADMIRAL WILLIAM S. SIMS, U. S. N.
This photograph is a recent one, taken in London

notable utterances are extemporaneous, and whether in public debate or private conversation, his words fall into place with spontaneous precision and beautiful structure.

Before taking up the duties of Premiership, he proved his worth as Minister of Munitions.

All these steps lead up naturally to the high place he holds in the Empire and quite clearly show manifest destiny. How comes it that five hundred million of his countrymen look to him as one hundred million Americans to President Wilson for the word which is to give direction to the war? He is pre-eminently the voice of one crying in the wilderness make straight the path of free peoples.

It is not to be wondered that in the opening paragraphs of his first speech as Premier he should quote the words of Abraham Lincoln: "We accepted the war for an object, a worthy object. The war will end when that object is attained. Under God, I hope it will never end until that time."

Always a great traveler, having spent much time in Germany, he not only knows the enemy, but the Allies as well. He cherishes a warm regard for America and loves the story of Lincoln. Like Lincoln, he hates slavery, as practiced by the Hun in bleeding Belgium or paralytic Russia.

His one passion is to hit oppression between the eyes, to see weaker peoples lifted up, and peace made the heritage of the world.

He is particularly fitted for leadership in the present crisis. First elected to the House of Commons by a majority of only eighteen votes, he was sent by the Welsh as a man representing the common people. Since that day he has ever remained a true Commoner. Of the plain people, for the plain people, and by the plain people he truly represents them. Probably he is the first man to be Premier of England who was not a college graduate. He is close to that great circle, in which most men are destined to live and die, spoken of as the working class. He talks with them, even going to the mouth of the mines to do so. He knows their needs, their aims, and their hopes. That he has held them loyal in the great war is one of his most masterful achievements.

Not only is he the representative of the laborer, but also the champion of patriotic gentry. The rights and duties of both are blended by him in a new community of interest in which each is for all and all for each.

Even his first public speaking as a temperance advocate serves him well now and fits him to be a leader in war prohibition. But it is as the

mouth-piece of an empire that he comes to his own. As a debater, he ranks as one of the greatest England has produced. No matter what the occasion, he rises to it. To his unusual command of language must be added a marvelously musical voice.

In Parliament I saw his colleague, A. Bonar Law, a veritable antithesis of the Premier. He was formerly an iron manufacturer in Glasgow and is pre-eminently a business man, whose tongue never turns a purple phrase. He deals in figures, and his tabulations have all the fascination of a romance. He is the business brains of the Empire! The friend with whom I was sitting in the gallery said: "Bonar Law may hear his budget torn to tatters in the debate, but it will remain just as he put it." A. Bonar Law is a man to plan, and Lloyd George is a man for action. Two iron men, political rivals, working together in concord.

Coming out of No. 10 Downing Street, with its comparative quiet, I seemed to hear the rich cadences of one voice—a voice first raised in the shop of Hugh Jones, where, amid the flash of the forge and the din of hammer, it joined in political comment in what constituted that first Parliament of David Lloyd George. Emerging into the din of London's busy streets, made deafening by

the rumble of war-laden trucks, I heard, speaking not only for empire, but for the federation of the world, the crashing and defiant voice of Lloyd George—"*To the knock-out.*"

XVIII

"THE ADMIRALTY" AND ADMIRAL SIMS

ARRIVING in London my first impulse was to locate Admiral Sims. I set out immediately for Grosvenor Garden, once an exclusive residential section, but now the center of American activity. Here were the American Embassy, and the Naval and Red Cross headquarters. A familiar flag waved at Number 28. I knew Admiral Sims was there. His office is on the second floor. He was seated at his desk as I entered, but rose to greet me—his slight and tall form pushing upward until it resembled a Carolina pine. After the hazardous journey across the Channel the prevous night, it was good to see the man whose watchful arm of service spells safety in the danger zone.

He was just finishing some dispatches for a returning ship. When they were completed, tea was served on his big flat desk. Over the cups in what seemed to me an incredibly short time, and

with an ease and simplicity, that was startling, he had drawn with pencil and paper, diagrams showing American naval activities in the North Sea, and the destroyer base, indicating how they had accounted for thirty-eight of the enemy submarines. I asked for these diagrams as souvenirs, and I value them among the most treasured reminders of my trip.

Here was the man whose epigrammatic phrase, in reply to the question as to when the American Navy would be ready, "We are ready now!" not only captured the British Admiralty, but thrilled his own countrymen as well.

He had just been preparing a message on Mother's Day. I was complimented when he asked me to hear it read. If the people at home could have seen his face and listened to the soft music of his voice, they would have seen how tender at heart is this man of iron and steel. Before he began reading, he said with a touch of the lover and father:

"When you get home, won't you go to Newport and see Mrs. Sims and the kiddies?"

Then emphasizing some of the words in his message he said:

"Tell the people at home how they can help the fighting men abroad. We of the Army and

Navy can do nothing without destroyers, ammunition and food. These cannot be brought to us without ships. All of these essentials must be supplied from home, and in supplying them everybody can help by each one doing his work with a smile, and with all his might. The men who are building destroyers and merchant ships are really in the fighting line. Every blow of their hammers is a blow at the enemy."

When I spoke of the patriotic spirit in the American homes, he said:

"Wives can help so much by taking care of men who are doing their part in the work by making their homes pleasant and encouraging them."

Then with a fine touch he added:

"Even little children can help by being good and assisting their mothers. Everybody can help by wasting nothing—neither food, nor money, nor clothing, nor time."

As if a broader vision came to him he continued:

"Work in factory, farm, or office matters very much. The accumulative effect of many millions of jobs has its influence upon the war."

Straightening back he remarked with emphasis:

"There are just two things to do to win the war—work and fight."

Then referring to my visits on the various battle fronts, he said:

"You've seen enough in France and Italy to show you how four years of war has worn down the people. Now our people must furnish the fresh reserves."

To keep these epigrams going I asked: "In your work, Admiral, what gives you the greatest satisfaction?"

"The spirit of our men working with the men of other navies—they are like old messmates."

After looking in vain for the sugar for our tea the Admiral added, "We are working in perfect harmony and fellowship, not only alongside of, but with the navies of the Allies."

When I asked him what the Grand Fleet was doing, he caught up pencil and paper, and in a moment with surprising dexterity, showing minute knowledge of the whole range of action, he began drawing diagrams. At a certain place with a blue pencil, he indicated where the Allies planted mines by day, and with a red pencil how the Germans swept them out by night, this process being repeated day by day.

Just then he was interrupted to say good-bye to a messenger who was leaving for America bearing important documents.

While I was sitting in a corner waiting, how proud I felt of this man. Canadian born, an instructor in the Naval War College at Newport, there was something in his bearing which seemed particularly to fit him for the work of blending navies together. His splendid American uniform with its trim collar fitted his tall classic frame, and his every movement indicated a rare combination of the gentleman and the fighter—the diplomat and the Admiral. His desk was as broad as the quarter deck of a ship, yet indicated by its neat appearance the precision of the man.

Little did the builders of the old Grosvenor Mansion think that one of the rooms on the second floor back would open its folding doors as the headquarters of the American Navy in Europe.

Finally he said: "You must first visit the Admiralty, and I will arrange it. The big thing for you to do is to see the Grand Fleet and visit the destroyer base." I felt at once that I was under "orders."

SIR ERIC GEDDES, FIRST LORD OF THE ADMIRALTY

At the Admiralty there seemed to be a new welcomish sort of atmosphere. I did not quite understand this until I saw a certain familiar

figure and remembered the story of his career in the United States. His manner was that of a manager in a large American industrial corporation. When I found he was so much interested in the South, I promised to send him one of our publications entitled "Wizards of the Saddle," in which there is a special tribute paid to one of his heroes, "Jeb" Stuart of Confederate fame.

From the manager of baggage-smashers to the direction of fleet-smashers has a decidedly American sound, yet that compasses the story of Sir Eric Geddes.

When he was sent to the Merchiston Castle School in Edinburgh, the head master, after some years, said to him:

"Ye've no metaphysics, ye've no leeterature, ye've no art, but ye've a future."

When young Eric, still in his teens, started away to America and engaged as a foreman of a crew in a lumber camp in the South, there was not much promise. Yet, clad in his blue overalls, out in the great forests, he was absorbing the embryo knowledge which was to enter into the prophesied career. It was here that he gained the first lessons in the handling of labor. His success with men, in winning their affection, co-ordinating their efforts in production, soon reached the ears of a

high official of the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad, and the youthful Scot was put at the task of superintending station agents and the construction of power houses and freight yards.

Again he proved he was master. By the side of the railroad he proved to be "the friend of man." More than that, he knew how to get things done.

It was not long before he received a flattering offer from a railway company in India, where his father was once a civil engineer and made his fortune. Here he applied the very same principles which he had learned in the South with "Finnegan and Flannagan." He streaked his way through the railway hierarchy with the speed of a comet.

His name finally came to the attention of officials of the Great Northeastern in England. He was but thirty years old at the time. When the period of labor strikes began in Great Britain, on that dark night just before the war, he proved to be the most powerful link between labor and corporation, between working men and capital. His knowledge of men, their working conditions, their hopes and hardships had been gained while he, himself, toiled in blue overalls. He came to the adjustment of these labor situations not with a theory, but with an experience. Lloyd George,

in many an eloquent and complimentary phrase, praised him for the manner in which he handled some of the most baffling strikes.

When it became necessary for the transfer of the railroads of the empire from boards of directors to the government itself, he proved to be the one pivotal man around whom the movement could turn.

This explained the large number of maps which I saw on the walls, indicating the great route centers of the Empire.

Up to two years ago; the world knew very little about this man. Yet the war gave Sir Eric the opportunity to become one of the pre-eminent figures in the great conflict and to make his name a household word on all sides of the seas.

It was the transportation question on the Western Front, the construction of railways in the war zone commensurate with the great need of moving supplies and guns, which brought Sir Eric to his present place in the empire. It was a giant's task and it was proven that a giant had taken it up. His success was immediate in France and he was rewarded with a knighthood.

It was during his sojourn in the South that he made a study of the blockade during the Civil War. He maintains now that the cause of the

Confederacy was doomed from the first, because of the persistence and tenacity of the blockade.

In the Admiralty his one insistence has been on the blockade. No matter what Germany's submarines might do or her spiked-helmeted armies accomplish, the sea could never be hers. To form a blockade through which no supplies could reach the enemy has been his one creed. This was to be the steel noose around the neck of Germany which would sooner or later strangle her to death.

ADMIRAL SIR DAVID BEATTY

Quite naturally when I visited the Grand Fleet my eyes sought out the First Admiral—Sir David Beatty. I was particularly interested in the man, for he is a good example in life and practice of the spirit of the Allied nations now so fully manifest.

His marriage to the daughter of Marshall Field of Chicago resulted in a happy alliance of nationality. For in this war Lady Beatty has shown herself not only to be a woman of great patriotism, but of magnificent spirit and ability as well.

She used her yacht as a hospital tender, carrying wounded soldiers and supplies from one hospital to another, and has provided surgeons and accessories from her own means to soothe and restore those broken in the stress of battle. She has cared

little for a large place in society; rather her whole energies have been bent to help her gallant husband in the service of his country and to the cause of humanity.

The career of Sir David Beatty is, therefore, particularly interesting to Americans.

From the day when he stepped on the deck as a midshipman, thirty years ago, to the present hour, his rise has been more rapid than even the naval rules of Great Britain allow—special legislation being needed for one of his age. At twenty-nine he was captain of the *Queen*, and on relinquishing her went to the Admiralty as naval adviser to the First Lord. His advice, however, did not harmonize particularly well with the then First Lord, and he was retired on half pay; but when Churchill came to power again he sent for Sir David and restored him as First Adviser. From Naval Adviser he stepped on deck again to command what is probably the most formidable fleet of fighting ships which ever sailed the blue.

Off ship, Sir David appears the typical country gentleman, his fine features and clean-cut bearing making him a marked man in any company. He never talks ship when on shore, and is the proverbial Briton as to his silence about the movements of the fleet. Yet on board ship he is a sailor,

a worker, a master of detail, a manager of men, the infuser of spirit and courage. At the battle of Jutland, notice was served on the world that in him Great Britain has another Nelson in the making, cool, capable, resourceful, dauntless, in whose hands the destiny of a mighty fleet is safe.

In the brilliant action of the British fleet off Heligoland, when the *Blucher* was sunk, he proved himself to be worthy of the promotion which followed.

SIR ROSSLYN WEMYSS

When I saw a man in a naval uniform walking across the courtyard at the Admiralty, a bystander whispered, "There's Wemyss." A mysterious Admiralty aureole surrounds the "First Sea Lord," whoever he may be. Little known to the public, Sir Rosslyn Wemyss (pronounced Weems) carries out this role. In the hot sun, almost under the shadow of the Admiralty walls, I gleaned from Mr. Arthur Pollen, a naval expert writer, some information of the First Sea Lord of 1918.

When the war clouds broke, Admiral Wemyss was in the Mediterranean, and later was commander of the squadron landing troops at Gallipoli. He was born in Wemyss Castle at Fife in 1864, and entered the Navy in 1877. He has a list of titles that run up as rapidly as the treads

of stairs. He speaks French fluently, and this accounts for his success in co-operating with the French and Italian fleets. The rapidity with which he had effected an efficient organization is already a glowing part of the records of the Admiralty.

He first served as Second Sea Lord, having direction of the strategetical work. The younger element in the navy centered their hopes on "Rosy" Wemyss, as his friends call his, and Sir Eric Geddes cast aside the veil of mystery and naval professionalism and settled upon the silent Wemyss while retaining innate respect of the British toward the traditions of the Admiralty. The purpose was to convert sound ideas into practical and effective action.

In temperament, Admiral Wemyss resembles General Grant—a silent organizer. Fortunately he was never much about the Admiralty office in times of peace, and is not harassed by precedents, but moves swiftly forward as war necessities appear. He studies his problems in the light of eternal *Now*, and is thoroughly informed on what Germans have been doing to strengthen their navy, perhaps adding twenty-five per cent from the Russian fleet.

Is it to be wondered, after glimpsing some of these personalities, that I fell under the spell of

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HON. JOSEPHUS DANIELS, Secretary of Navy, U. S. A.

LORD LEVERHULME
The creator of Port Sunlight, England

the "Admiralty," or honored and respected an envelope or passport marked with its magic seal? The civic "First Lord," the naval "First Sea Lord," and the "Commander of the Grand Fleet" are the high places in the Admiralty. But it is the British people, in their unswerving loyalty and support, which constitute the Admiralty, and it is to them the world owes its debt for a fleet which has rendered unmeasured service to civilization in this war.

XIX

A VISIT TO THE GRAND FLEET

"THE Admiralty!" That word is held in awe by the English people, and as an institution it represents Britain's supreme might on the seas. As I went down Trafalgar Square, where the statue of Nelson seemed to point the way, I unconsciously began whistling the refrain in Pinafore: "I Am the Monarch of the Seas," which was soon to lose all its flippant satire, and become portentous with meaning.

Selecting one of the many entrances, I passed the grim walls of Whitehall, vibrant with memory. Crossing an old cobbled courtyard and entering an ancient building, I found myself confronted with the authority of the Admiralty. A document giving my name, where I slept last, the date of my birth and the complete details of the purpose of my visit, was signed and recorded. My card was sent flying up the starboard stairway. Through a dark corridor, lined with large iron pipes showing

how the old headquarters had been made comfortable by the installation of a heating apparatus since the days of Nelson, I made my way.

In Room 62 my papers were censored and in Room 60 directly opposite was Sir Douglas Brownrigg, Chief Censor. He looked at me over his glasses and I knew from his manner that he had received a message from Admiral Sims and expected me. I noticed in passing Room 60 a hospitable placard written with a blue pencil which said: "Walk in, don't knock." It was so cordial that off came my hat. Across the hall on door 62 was another notice which smacked of the severity of the Admiralty. It read: "Knock before you enter and take off your hat."

Sir Douglas Brownrigg is responsible for what passes to the public. His brisk manner suggested the newspaper worker, for such he was in the early days. Conferences were going on with naval and army officers, together with civilians, all seeking the magic stamp "Admiralty." While I was there, word was received of the blocking of the channel at Zeebrugge, by the sinking of the *Vindictive*. This report on a slip of pink copy paper was turned over to me, where in the terse language of the war records was related the simple details of the undertaking, together with the

account of the death of Commander Goodsall and his brave men, who had given their lives voluntarily to stop the maw of the murderous submarine. This act of confidence has won other millions of enthusiasts for the Admiralty.

My papers having been properly inspected, I stood before Sir Douglas while more pale purple was put on my passport. I, too, was now a part of the Admiralty.

At the injunction of Admiral Sims, I placed myself entirely in their hands. "Proceed to King Cross Station Sunday night at 9:45 and await messenger," the order read. I went a-top a bus, having failed to kidnap a taxi. Circling around Hyde Park and other areas that are on the map, but still unknown to me, Kings Cross Station hove in sight. I had evidently missed the King's messenger, for I was late, so I proceeded to the train designated.

The compartments were "full up" a half hour before starting time, so I dashed up and down the platform trying to find a landing and the King's messenger at the same time. When the little "toot, toot" was heard and the train almost silently started to glide away, I decided quickly on a compartment in the rear where five middies were bidding a fond farewell to some lasses. A

soft remark, by one of the girls who, with arched eyebrows, asked, "Are you not full up?" was meant for me. "But what boot it?" I said to myself with brave classic phrase—"I must get aboard." Intent on their farewell I slipped in and took a seat marked for them and where the five middies had already planted their boxes and luggage. We looked at each other—an eye to eye "just-get-acquainted-or-quit" challenge.

From small suitcases the middies proceeded to bring out their luncheon. Consternation reigned when it was discovered they had no cigarettes. Here is where the incense and proffer of gold-tipped cigarettes cemented friendships. They offered me in return beef sandwiches and, I thought, "Well, here is one meat coupon saved anyhow."

A King's messenger was discovered in the next compartment by the middies. Alone in his solitary authority I was tempted to knock—but I remembered the Admiralty sign. If you want gorgeous gayety, spend the night with middies returning from leave. Rollicking stories of their experiences aboard the good ship *Indomitable* were interrupted when the whistle screeched announcement of our entrance into the ancient town of York. It was now 2 a. m. The blast of the

whistle was loud enough to wake the Archbishop of York, and the boys explained "here is where we meet the Duchess." They piled out on the platform and found the canteen for soldiers and sailors, but no one in civilian clothes could have even so much as a drop of tea. The Duchess was obdurate and it looked as though I must go hungry, but the middy boys motioned me to retire to the carriage where they brought me a dish of tea and brown war biscuit. As ginger ale and seltzer bottles were procured, the hazing spirit possessed the middies. The open window of the compartment of the King's messenger was too tempting. The spray brought a gruff monologue from the inside having to do with leaving windows open when it rained.

"To sleep or not to sleep, that was the question." The Duchess and her tea chariot were left behind. One middy put his legs through the arm straps of a seat and hung up. Two others went aloft in the parcel rack and two more "took the deck," lying side by side with heads in opposite direction on the floor—one head projecting out into the corridor in order to make the guard careful when he passed through. Then they put me to bed. At 4 a. m. the train whirled into Newcastle-on-Tyne, and another "lady-in-waiting" with refreshments

was sighted. The women of England are doing splendid work day and night for soldiers and sailors. At every railway junction where troops stop, there are women with tea and cakes. Some pieces of the bread, the middies remarked, would make good paving blocks.

In the early morning we passed the mammoth shipbuilding plant at Newcastle. The airdrome near Edinburgh was also sighted near dawn and when the towers of Holyrood Castle appeared, I knew we were in the land of Sir Walter Scott, for it was Waverly Station. A Scotch breakfast, oatmeal, of course, was provided, but there was no sugar, no cream. "Try a wee bit more of salt and you'll na miss it," said the Scotch waitress sympathetically.

On the bulletin board at North British Hotel my name was posted. The Admiralty had evidently shadowed me. The telegram which was handed me was opened with misgivings that I possibly might be recalled. The message read: "Proceed to Waverly Station at 10:15, where an American officer will meet you." I remembered Admiral Sims' injunction and obeyed.

In the Scotch mist of the morning, I drove out to call on some members of the Rotary, who had arranged a dinner at the Conservative Club that

night. Then I drove to Morningside Circle to see the sister of my friend, Mr. Andrew Adie of Boston, who had sailed from here as a young man many years ago to win fame and fortune in the new world. He had achieved both and became one of the patriotic American leaders, doing much for the great cause. The Braid hills, the country of Robert Louis Stevenson, never looked more beautiful than in the morning mist, regal in the glory of the purple heather.

I rang the bell. There was no response. The awning was drawn over the door. Later I learned that the sister at that moment was out under the mournful trees, burying her son, who, wounded in France, had come home to be cared for by the sacred hands of motherhood. Here I was in heart touch with the houses of mourning which dotted the fair land of Robert Burns. True to the traditions of Robert Bruce, Scotish bravery ever remains tried and true, and weighed in the balance is not found wanting.

On past the Church of John Knox, through Princess Street and the statue of Sir Walter Scott. What a change from the old tourist days to the present. For if any people have felt the war seriously and worked effectively, they come from this, the land of Sir Douglas Haig.

Across the fertile fields of Scotland, the train glided smoothly on. One does not wonder that the Scotchman loves his heather-covered land. The verdure is matchless. Alighting at Dalmery I was met by an American naval officer who escorted me down the long hill to Queen's Ferry. Overhead were the sweeping arches of the great Tay Bridge. Hydroplanes were swooping down. Everything else harked back to the past, even the old stones of the quay were mossed with the tides of centuries. Here it was that Margaret, patron saint of Scotland, used to cross with the King when he went to war.

Now we are off for the Grand Fleet! Was it true that my dream was at last to be realized?

When so many glowing tributes have been written and spoken concerning the glory of Great Britain, France, America and Italy on the fields of battle, when the press is full of the stirring details of the achievements of the Allied armies on the Flanders front, may it not be well to here ask a question? Why is it that Germany has not succeeded in grinding into the cratered dust the forces of the Allied armies? Out there ahead of me in a great battle line, seventy-six miles in length, I saw the answer—and that answer is the Grand Fleet. Even if the great push had reached

the channel ports and Paris had been taken, there would still be left the Grand Fleet, the iron collar around the neck of Germany to strangle her and drag her down to sure defeat.

Without the supreme fleet not a soldier of Great Britain, France or America would be standing on the blood-soaked fields of Flanders today. It is to this long line of sea forces with its stupendous combination of gun power and speed that credit must be given for the "containing" of the German fleet at Kiel, and for freedom from enemy raiders on the seas.

I was taken directly to Captain John Hughes who knows how to command a battleship to the last detail. How homelike it was to be on a United States battleship, though in foreign waters! At luncheon, I sat down for the first time since leaving America to a real beefsteak, thick, juicy and smothered in onions. Real butter and white bread, too! A Philippine steward "stood by" and encored with another steak. Just at that moment, to me, at least, the steak, the appetite and the Grand Fleet were of equal proportions. The *New York* is the flagship of Admiral Rodman, the sixth division of the Grand Fleet, merged in the Grand Fleet, yet still having the same identity as when flagship of the ninth division of the Atlantic Fleet.

Admiral Rodman is one of the real sea dogs of the Navy. He is thoroughly businesslike in the management of the complicated details of his task.

Once inside his quarters, there was the atmosphere of home and business. Books, magazines and papers were lying on the table, while there were maps and more maps everywhere. The Admiral has not left the ship except for a period of four hours for more than six months. With a twinkle in his eyes he said: "We're always ready, and all are working together with a will."

Every British and American ship is primed to go into action at the pressing of a button. In the flash of an eye the engines can start, the battle line formed at the order "proceed to sea."

The co-operation of British and American fleets in the present war is without a parallel in history. On the one hand the great British Navy has given to the Americans its secret codes, ciphers, and the naval tradition of centuries. On the other, the American Navy has put all its resources at the disposal of the British. Even at the dinner table there was evidence of the new comradeship of the seas. The two fleets have been co-ordinated and consolidated as one. Admiral Sims in inaugurating this policy of offering our navy unreservedly to the British fleet forecasted a new

world policy after the war. All national, racial and traditional pride is laid aside in the one great purpose of winning the war.

Though there were fifteen hundred men aboard the battleship *New York*, never in all these months, notwithstanding the limited area of their movements, was there a dull moment.

The ship was a miniature city afloat. The machine and repair shops constituted an industrial section. Here activities were keyed to war pitch. Even the corner grocery was there, reminding me of "Beany Brown's emporium" with its familiar odors, of edibles, compassed only by the table of contents in a Sears-Roebuck catalog. Though all essentials are amply provided for in the mess, the habit of shopping and indulging individual taste is irresistible. It affords a change, and gathers change.

And here was the drug store, the bakery, the cobbler shop, even the barber shop with seven chairs shooting out perfumed customers, with the regularity of the clock-tick.

The residential section consisted of hammocks, stowed away like folding beds, snug sleeping apartments. The officers' quarters were the "houses on the terrace." Along the gangways were sailor lads from every state and territory in

the Union. They were either chatting, studying, reading, or, yes, mothers, sprawled at full length on the deck with all the luxurious abandon of care-free boys on the green sward of a playground. And, yes, fathers; some were making ready for a real frolic ashore such as you enjoyed in your day.

Strangely enough, sooner or later, in the minor exigencies of ship-life, every man finds, in addition to his regular duties, opportunity to exercise the peculiar knack with which he is gifted. If any one of the five pianolas, or numerous graphophones, which are going most of the time, reminding one of a Coney Island colony, is out of order, there is always the jack-of-all-trades to keep the show moving.

It was field day when I was aboard. That means cleaning day. Dirt was mercilessly pursued in every nook and cranny. Scrub and paint brushes flourished. From hold to topmast, she was a floating "spotless town." Ah! but the guns, they shone like polished mirrors. Gunners were patting them affectionately, and in their faces I could read the one all-absorbing wish: "If I only had a chance!" God pity the German fleet if they do!

A British Admiral dropped in to pay his respects. After his return, in a note he paid this tribute to the battleship *New York*: "May I express

my immense admiration for the condition of your ship. I never saw anything to touch her in all my twenty-five years at sea. She is a picture."

Shore leave means a round of the "ancient and honorable game" of golf in its native heath. Admiral and seaman alike chase the pill. But the intricate game is a bit too slow for the average seaman, and the national pastime of baseball threatens even the traditional sport of the Scots. It is more strenuous and makes swifter diversion with the brief moments of shore leave.

Dinner was a memorable moment. The Admiral, at the head of the table, surrounded by his staff of both British and American officers, was like a father at home talking with his boys. The doings of the day were gone over, especially the scouting operations of the airplanes in the North Sea. One thought is always uppermost—the moment! What if the "moment" to get under way should come while I was aboard? No such luck! I arose from that table with a new sense of the perfected plans of the Admiralty and Admiral Sims.

Just at this time a sheaf of "wireless" was brought in and I had opportunity to see the cryptic vernacular of an intercepted message with its flavor of mystery, equal to a stirring chapter in a detective story. It read:

"Will arrive within gunshot at 1,100; request permission to enter harbour. 0810."

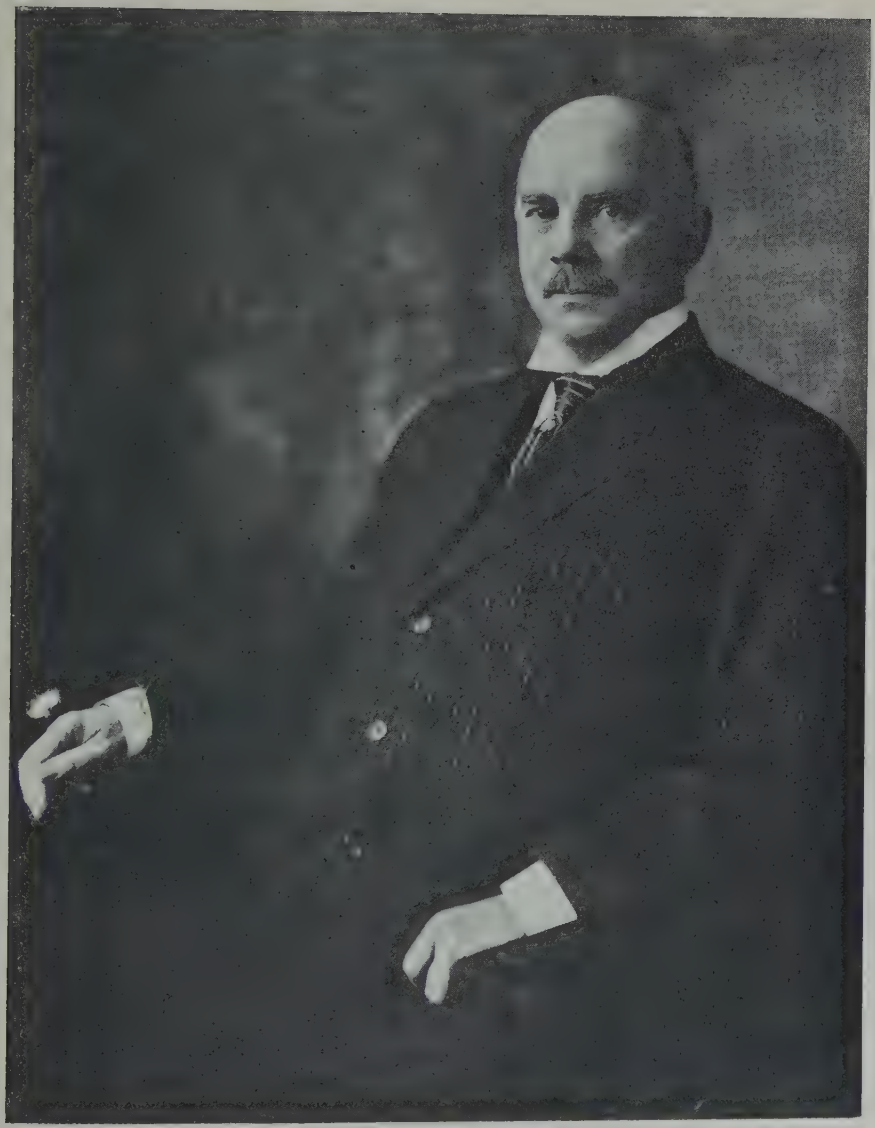
The wording indicated an English operator for the letter U appeared in harbor. The variance in spelling will be another brigading operation in the dictionaries.

As I left ship for launch, I could not resist saluting in unison with the officers, as the sailors stood at attention. This is permissible for a civilian, providing it is accompanied with the familiar "hello" or other vocal salutation.

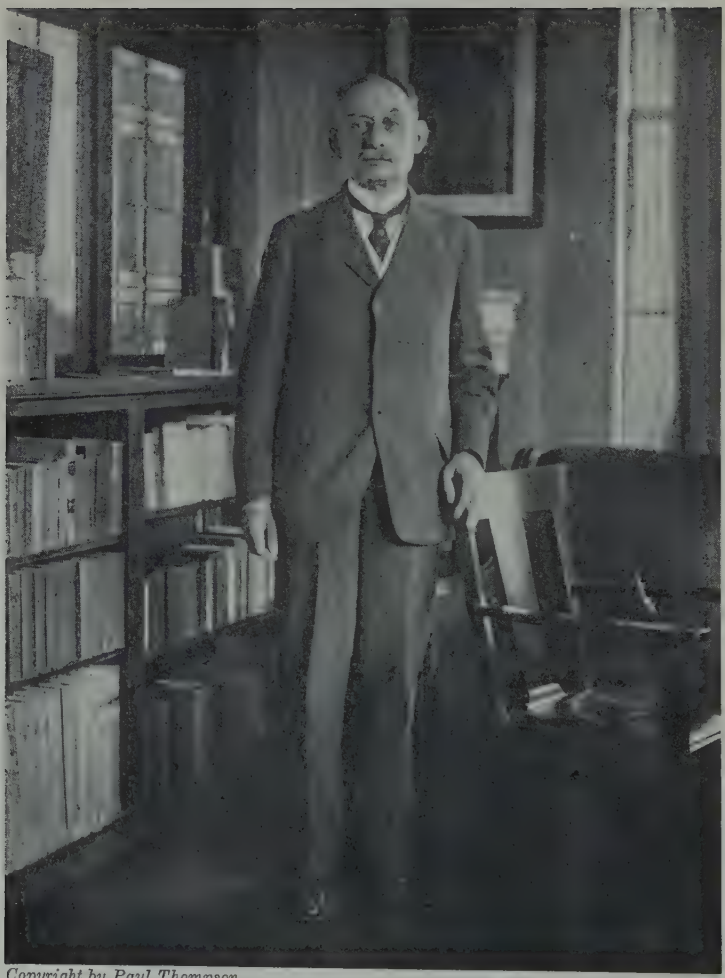
In the gathering twilight, the Admiral's launch began its bobbing course over the choppy sea. I stood astern, with coat tails flying, waving farewell to the good ship and its men. Our way shaped through the lanes of the Grand Fleet. In the distance was the great Tay Bridge. As in a proscenium box, I looked out on the greatest naval scene in history. A ship is always a picture, whether square-rigged frigate or modern dreadnaught. What would Nelson and Paul Jones have thought of this Armada? The combined naval achievements of all the history of two great nations were here united in a common cause. There was the *Queen Elizabeth*, flagship of Admiral Beatty, there also, the *Lion*, which had carried his flag into the battle of Jutland. There were

the hush ships looking all the more mysterious in the gathering darkness. The dark hulks of an endless line were silhouetted against the red horizon.

Long after the curtain of the night shut out the scene, was the reassurance that here was represented, not only the bulwark of defense which had safeguarded the past, but carried the prophecy of a victorious future.



HON. W. G. SHARPE
American Ambassador to France



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HON. WALTER HINES PAGE

American Ambassador to the Court of St. James

XX

WITH THE AMERICAN DESTROYERS
THE DOOM OF THE SUBMARINES

QUEENSTOWN is strangely linked with the memories of the tragedy of the *Lusitania*. In the mirrored waters I seemed to see the forms of little children and helpless women, together with the mangled shapes of men—civilians and sailors alike—as they tossed on the unresting wave. How appropriate that here, in this cemetery of the sea, a savior of hope should be born—prophetic of the day when the race shall be saved from an assassin foe. No wonder I recalled the scene, for some of my friends were there—in their unfathomed graves.

The doors of Queenstown are unlocked only by an Admiralty pass. Here the destroyer flotillas and depth bombs have come to sound the death knell of the submarine. At Hollyhead Wharf, it was necessary to secure the stamp of the alien officer. Amid yawns and growls were throngs waiting hours after midnight for the

"Irish Mail." Once at sea there was a rush for the dining saloon where ham and meats could be secured. War rations did not prevail in Ireland. Regulations were as unpopular as conscription.

The swift little steamer gayly zig-zagged over the Irish Sea that night, and stretched out on seats and bunks were the passengers in blissful forgetfulness of sleep. The early morning found us at Kingston—the harbor of Dublin. There was a real emerald hue to the Irish landscape that morning and little evidence of war. Some young lads appeared wearing defiant badges inscribed "No Conscription." Dublin was seething with Sinn Feiners' agitation. Some of the leaders had been arrested the night previous, charged with participating in German plots.

Lord French's proclamation to win the dissenting Irish to the Allies' cause was the headline in the papers and the talk of every one that morning.

The long journey from Dublin to Queenstown gave me time to observe travelers in Ireland. The trains move slowly, irregularly, and deliberately. Nearly everyone I talked with spoke of some friend in America, and hours whiled away explaining how it was I lived in Boston and didn't

chance to know "the boy" or "friend" living in cities a thousand miles away.

The yellow furze hedges were never more glorious than on this beautiful May day, outlining as they did, the tiny triangular farms. Soldiers in khaki were given tea at Limerick Junction. Some of them from far-off Australia, New Zealand, and South Africa, were on leave to visit relatives, many of whom they had never seen. Cork was thriving with war activities. The long list of my friends in America who hailed from Cork passed in review, and strangely enough my naval friend bobbed up. Queenstown is only a few miles down the River Lee, and is counted the jumping-off place.

The harbor was dotted with destroyers, moored in groups of four to a buoy, like dogs on a leash. At the Naval Wharf was the welcome sight of American sailors. Captain Pringle was aboard the *Melville*, one of two which serve as "mother ships" for the destroyer flotilla. He is the chief of staff of Admiral Sims' destroyer flotilla, and in command. Here again was an exemplification of the cordial co-ordination of American and British naval officers and men. The supply ships are great floating machine shops, and are ready for any emergency. The first story told me was of

two destroyers which had met accident. One had the stern blown off by a depth bomb, while the other had its bow demolished in a collision. The two vessels were towed in. The conserved stern of one was joined to the bow of the other. The names were hyphenated and by matrimonic machinery the twain were one henceforth.

A replica in miniature of the torpedo station at Newport has been erected. Lieutenant Moses of Newport is here in person and in charge. Shark-like torpedoes are tested under hydraulic pressure, each one costing $7,000 apiece. "Expensive ammunition," I remarked. "Yes," said a sailor, "but it counts when opportunity offers."

Commander Carpenter of the *Fanning*, who made the capture of a submarine, taught me the nautical step, and I was able to trip up the gang-way lightly, this time, without stumbling. Wire-less naval dispatches came in thick and fast. One of these reports brought the news of a certain ship never known to make over nine knots. "Chased by a submarine," it read, "making eleven knots."

"Nothing like a submarine to speed 'em up," said the captain.

Ashore and everywhere the quiver of the chase animates the sailors. They were all eager to go to sea and have their chance at the subs. It

mattered not whether they were under a British or American commander. Their one desire was to get 'em. Destroyers returning from convoy duty come alongside the supply ships for repairs and supplies, and are off in a twinkling. The Broadway base for the destroyers are the supply ships *Dixie* and *Melville*, where men work and bands play. The cabins are business offices, with a big B. The desks of the yeomen stenographers and clerks are all in ship-shape, many working long after hours, if necessary, to get a ship off. They never know when a rush of work is coming, and supplies are always ready. It would have done Admiral McGowan's heart good to have heard the salvos of praise from the sailors when the transports arrive. They pay tribute to the efficiency of the Bureau of Supplies and Accounts, "Sanda Court," at Washington.

The destroyers are always busy, steaming from five to seven thousand miles a month, and being sometimes twenty-one days at sea, never daunted by wind or weather. There is a certain longitude and latitude where the convoys going out are taken and the convoys coming in are met. Officers insist that "a monument should be erected at this fixed spot in the motionless sea" after the war.

The destroyers, which were an evolution from the torpedo boat, have already many scalps dangling from their sides. These clipper-like crafts remind one of greyhounds ever ready for the chase.

How can a landsman best describe his feelings on board a destroyer at sea? He hangs on with both arms, and those who have boasted of never knowing the ills of seasickness are ruthlessly floored. It was planned for me to take a cruise of four days. The spectacle of seeing myself growing green in the mirror of the deep, and the experience of salt water splashed into my soup, with ocean spray for pepper and salt on my food, was not a palatable prospect.

Captain McCandless of the *Caldwell* was considerate when I proved that at least I had one sea-leg. These crafts are a long, narrow shell of thin steel, exceeding the speed of an ocean liner and equalling that of an automobile. Everything is stowed away snugly, every inch of space being utilized.

The captain and crew never take off their clothes during a cruise. There is very little sleep aboard. The eagle eyes of the destroyers, always hunting and watching, are the protection of the convoys. The peculiar excitement on board appeals to dauntless American sailors keen for adventure.

As each new ship is completed in the United States, a crew of twenty-five officers and men who have had experience at the Queenstown base, are detailed to bring the new ship over. The ambition of young naval officers is to command a destroyer and get just one chance at a submarine.

The depth bombs are carried on the stern of a destroyer. They look like humble and plebeian galvanized ash cans. They are timed in much the same fashion as the old teeter board works. Once off, the depth bomb knows neither friend nor foe. The ship must keep moving and get away before it explodes or the stern is endangered. On the aft deck of the boat are howitzer guns, which look as harmless as a joint of sewer pipe, though capable of throwing depth bombs one hundred and twenty feet to port or starboard. The explosive substance is TNT. The explosion of the bomb is caused by the pressure of water at a certain depth. When one of these bombs explode, stones and sea mud from the bottom of the channel are brought up from a depth of two hundred feet and shot into the air with water like a geyser. This gives an idea of the power of these innocent-looking cans. The shock from one of these explosions is felt by ocean liners a half mile distant, causing them to shiver from bow to stern. The concussion has the

intensified sound of boys crashing two stones together under water.

In the fox hunt for submarines, two destroyers go out abreast and begin spiral maneuvers, one going to the right and the other to the left, each dropping depth bombs, making it impossible for a submarine to live in the patterned area covered. Submarines must keep going in deep water. They cannot stop while submerged unless the water is shallow, and then they lie on the bottom.

It is something of a tussle for a stout man to go through the hatchway of a submarine, like the "lemon squeezer" at Lost River in the White Mountains. When submarines were constructed, two-hundred-pounders were not considered. Climbing down the pole with spiral steps, I found that my legs were rather too thick to twine themselves gracefully. I would make a poor modern edition of Jules Verne's "Twenty Thousand Leagues under the Sea."

The machinery of a submarine is most intricate. Here were the tubes where the torpedoes were projected; there the listening devices, while a myriad of levers and countless wheels were everywhere. Never shall I forget the uncanny feeling when, for the first time, I looked into the rubber-lined tube and realized it was a periscope. It

was like looking into the hood of a reflex camera. Ships at a distance, men on the ships, expressions on their faces, even to the bat of an eyelash, were clearly outlined. The periscope moves up and down and around like the All-Seeing Eye.

The submarine is now being used in the chase against the submarine on the Irish coast. Greatest caution must be exercised to distinguish British, American and German submarines, for all are working in the same zone. A system of signals has been devised which enables friendly submarines to detect not only each other, but to communicate with the destroyers on the surface of the sea.

At the Naval Men's Club at Queenstown, the first establishment of its kind, British and American officers and sailors fraternize and enjoy hours of leave together. The friendly odor of American ham and eggs blends with British mutton.

This clubhouse is located on the sea wall and opens hospitable doors for all sailors on shore leave and meets the need for rest and entertainment. Generous-hearted Americans in London provided this club, which now has an international fame. An old gymnasium has been converted into an Assembly Hall where every night moving pictures and other entertainments are furnished.

It was Saturday evening when I was there.

The hall was filled to overflowing, and the orchestra from the *Melville* was making the occasion merry with ragtime and patriotic airs. A vaudeville performance was in process, consisting of stunts by seamen who were singers, elocutionists, lariat-throwers, monologists, and band soloists. These seemed equal to any emergency. Artists and audience created a free-for-all atmosphere.

While enjoying a jolly evening, intermission approached. My joy came to a sudden end! Captain Pringle commanded me to "proceed to the stage" and make a speech. A scene showing the skyline of New York was flashed before the footlights, bringing a volley of applause from the boys, who broke out in the song "Goodbye, Broadway." The words of other songs were thrown on the screen and a regular songfest started.

The faces of the sailors in that auditorium would have made a reassuring picture to the fathers and mothers at home. The boys were happy, self-reliant and manly.

When my spiel was ended and they tried to go on with the show, the cheering did not cease. All over the hall there was a chorus, "To hell with the show, get the guy going again." They did not know who I was, but they knew I was somebody from home and who had seen and known

the boys in khaki. When tribute was paid to the American soldiers of the army in France and to Mother Brittania calling the lusty sons of the West, there was a shout that shook the rafters.

It was in a jaunting car that Captain Pringle took me to pay respects to Admiral Bayley at the headquarters on the hill, which commanded a beautiful outlook of the harbor. Why a jaunting car was ever made, I do not know! You sit sidewise and just jolt. Why the little horse did not go up in the air when I listed to the left I cannot understand, but he seemed to be an expert in balancing things. Ireland would not be Ireland without its jaunting car and its joviality.

As I entered headquarters, Admiral Bayley, seated at his desk and smoking his pipe, was issuing orders, directing the movement of ships far at sea. When he had finished, he showed me an Englishman's love for his garden. Even while engaged in this diversion, dispatches were still coming to him. His orders, issued in a brusque manner, were simple and direct, not capable of misunderstanding, for Admiral Bayley is a disciplinarian. American sailors have learned to love him, for he is as just as he is severe.

Wherever you stop overnight, you must report to the police when you go in and when you go out.

Every hotel register gives an account of those enrolled, and the police records and hotel registers must correspond. Down the hill is the constable's office, and to it I must go if I wanted to leave. The street is called "Pack of Cards," the houses on one side looking like an abandoned poker deck. The constable's office was in a barn, one flight up, and adorned with ancient pistols, to reach which you had to go through the barn where you were expected to show the passport picture album of yourself.

"Mornin' to you. You're a handsomer man than the last rogue we had," he said in a rich Irish brogue.

At the hotel, before leaving, the little colleen with black hair and blue eyes presented me with some post cards. When I offered money she refused, saying:

"Just in memory of a boy I know over there."

She cautioned me not to send any showing Queenstown Harbor, "for the Admiralty, you know," she whispered, "wouldn't allow it," meaning, of course, they were under the censor's ban. When in Ireland I thought of my many good Irish friends overseas and on a rolling launch I wrote some of them a postcard, giving their family genealogy insofar as I could fancy it from the

signs over the shops. In obtaining this information I found my own tongue served me well in Ireland.

American sailors exercise a proper diplomatic restraint and show a becoming modesty in talking about the things our country is doing in the war. In Queenstown civic officials and civilians told me they had never seen any action on the part of an American sailor which was not becoming a gentleman and true sailor.

Driving over the hills from Cork, I accepted the invitation of the American naval officers to go with them to kiss the Blarney Stone. In a jaunting car, two on a side, the driver "bechune" times cracking his whip and regaling us with traditions, we arrived at ancient Cork. In the distance and beyond the winding River Lee loomed the ruined towers of Blarney Castle.

As we entered the charmed precincts, crossing a clear running brook, a crippled soldier took the shilling of admittance. Under the trees of the park the young people of Blarney were indulging in a real Irish dance. Pipers were playing the tune and the dancers whirled round and round, hopping as in a schottische, the Limerick waltz. On we passed to the castle, the refrain "Oh, The Days of the Kerry Dance" singing itself in my mind. Here we climbed the granite stairway, not

only worn smooth by thousands of feet, but the sides worn by the hands of those groping their way up to the old tower.

In an old baronial dining hall a giant tree was growing. Reaching the parapet of the castle, the naval officers insisted that I follow them in kissing the Blarney Stone. What wonder that several coquettish lasses paused to see the fat American tipped upside down and held by his legs while stretched out over the precipice of the wall as he kissed the Blarney Stone. Apprehensively looking down several hundred feet below, I wondered if they would hold me fast, but I gave the Blarney Stone a rousing smack.

With the Blarney kiss still moist on my lips, I found that complimentary phrases dripped like honey dew from my lips.

Coming down from Blarney Castle, we stopped the jaunting car to look at the crevices, now overgrown with the moss and vegetation of centuries. The lads and lassies had deserted the shadow of the trees for the luxury of the baronial hall, and there again it was "on with the dance." As I stood watching them, one of the young naval officers approached, having in his eyes a look which indicated that he had made a discovery. "You gay deceiver," he said, pointing a finger at me,

"you have been here before. We know now why you love to talk, and since you have kissed the Blarney Stone again, come—make us a speech."

Then from the balustrade, in a deep voice, he called to the people, saying: "Ladies and gentlemen, we have in our midst a distinguished orator from the United States of America."

The pipers ceased playing and the dancers became attentive. In their eyes was an appeal I could not resist. I spoke to them in the old banquet hall, giving a resumé of our American dances, the two-step, fox-trot, bunny hug, too much mustard, kitchen sink and other dances peculiar to American life. They laughed and roared.

I could not leave them without a serious touch. I told them that in the constellation of stars on the service flags in the homes of America, the sons of Erin were represented in the great fight for world democracy.

On my return to Dublin I talked with some of the leaders of the Sinn Fein, and also of the Nationalists' party. I heard their story. As I came away I could but feel that antipathy to Britain had, for the moment, clouded their vision as to the purpose of the Allies, and blinded them even to the interests of Ireland, and in questioning

the good faith and purpose of America in the war might eventually strike at the root of sympathy of one of her best friends.

Stowed away among the snoring soldiers in the channel steamer that night, I lay half dreaming. With the vision of Queenstown—that base of humming activity—correlated and devoted to the Allied cause—I could not conceive of the rest of Ireland, especially with the spirit of Redmond's son and the valorous Irish who had already fallen in Flanders, hesitating to disregard all other considerations in responding unreservedly to the cause of free peoples.

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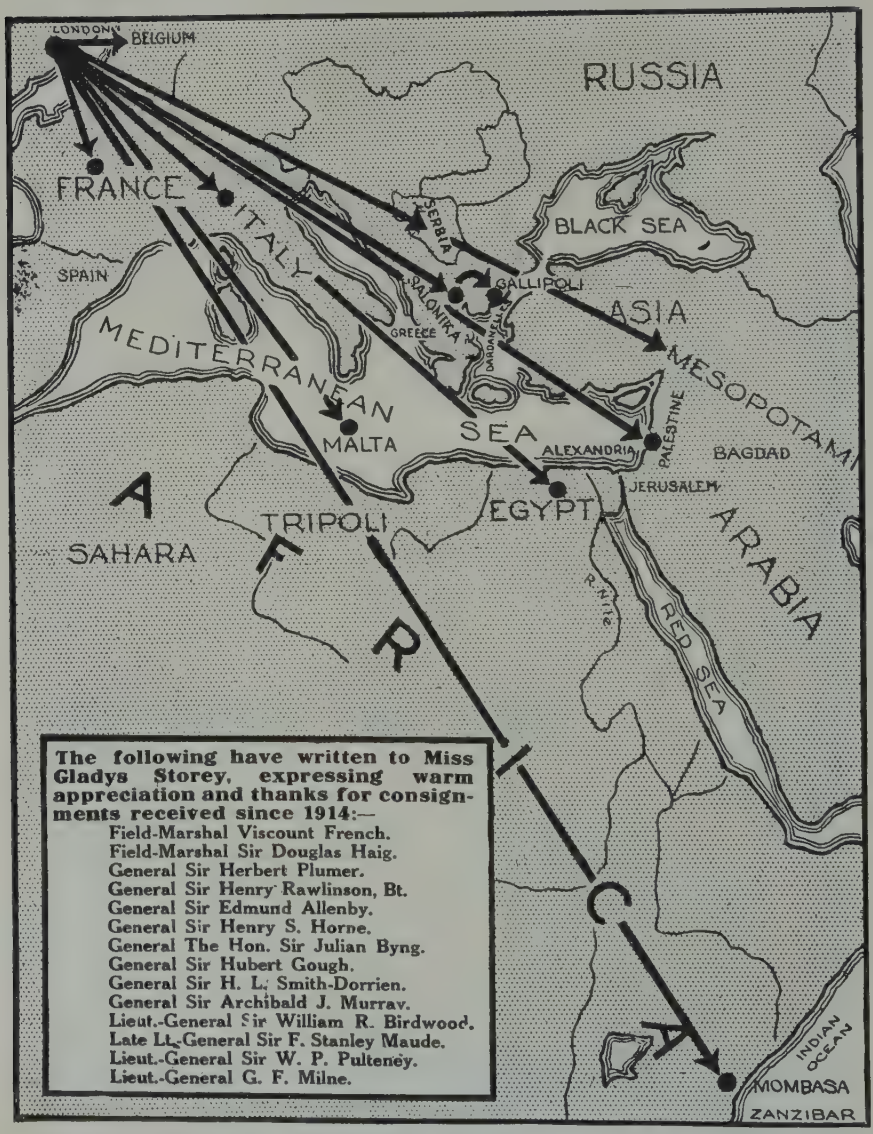
HON. THOMAS NELSON PAGE

American Ambassador to Italy

Hot Comforts for the Men in the Trenches

MISS GLADYS STOREY'S FUND

Fourth Year. *Registered under the WAR CHARITIES ACT*



The following have written to Miss Gladys Storey, expressing warm appreciation and thanks for consignments received since 1914:—

Field-Marshal Viscount French.
Field-Marshal Sir Douglas Haig.
General Sir Herbert Plumer.
General Sir Henry Rawlinson, Bt.
General Sir Edmund Allenby.
General Sir Henry S. Horne.
General The Hon. Sir Julian Byng.
General Sir Hubert Gough.
General Sir H. L. Smith-Dorrien.
General Sir Archibald J. Murray.
Lieut.-General Sir William R. Birdwood.
Late Lt.-General Sir F. Stanley Maude.
Lieut.-General Sir W. P. Pulteney.
Lieut.-General G. F. Milne.

Map showing the war area over which the Fund has extended comfort to hundreds of thousands of troops since 1914, including Canadian, Australian, New Zealand and Newfoundland contingents, and the French and Belgian soldiers in the trenches.

XXI

LORD LEVERHULME AND THE SIX-HOUR DAY

FOR years I had known Lord Leverhulme through the medium of friendly correspondence. Our letters had passed back and forth between England and America. Ideas on business and educational problems had been exchanged, and yet we had never met. I dropped into his office at 11 Haymarket, London, and found the sort of person I expected to meet—a great business leader of Great Britain. Lord Leverhulme is a rather small man, with pompadour, iron-gray hair, keen gray eyes and an irresistible smile. The query in both of our minds was, "Well, what do you think of me?" It was answered as our eyes met and the usual introductory phrases were unnecessary. We began where our correspondence left off.

He wears the same kind of white square derby hat, such as he began buying as a young man from the hatter of his birthplace, in Bolton. The bag

in which he carries his carefully-sorted letters has been his traveling companion for forty years. Handle after handle has been worn off, but the portmanteau remains.

Five minutes' conversation with Lord Leverhulme covers a wide range of subjects. To him the minutes of the day are made to count, whether given to social or business engagements. That afternoon he was to speak at Leighton House on Holland Park Road, Kensington.

This fine old English mansion was the home and studio of Lord Leighton. It remains as he left it. Its vast art collection is preserved as a memorial to the artist by The Leighton House Society, and used for the promotion of art, music and literature.

Modestly ignoring his afternoon address, which was the only feature of the occasion, Lord Leverhulme said: "I think you will at least find the Leighton House interesting."

At Leighton House a cultured English audience had assembled to hear Lord Leverhulme on "Present-Day Ideals, Personal and National." A delightful English custom was the aftermath, when tea was served and a discussion followed which would have graced the Victorian Age. It was a touch of English life I had not seen, blending the charm of the social and literary life of the old world.

Over the teacups I met Miss Gladys Storey, who originated the fund to provide "Hot Comforts for the Men in the Trenches." These "comforts" include Bovril, condensed soups and other dainties not found in the regular rations. The letters she has received from Field Marshal Sir Douglas Haig, Lord French, General Sir Henry Rawlinson and French commanders indicate the value and appreciation of the work. Miss Storey is a daughter of a famous artist, who was a member of the Royal Academy. She was on the stage prior to the war, but now gives her whole time to this work.

On the following day an afternoon train took us to Cheshire, where we motored to Thornton Manor. The drive, through the ancient city of Chester, and over roads once trod by the legions of Caesar, was replete with interest. The quiet dignity of English country life was in strange contrast to the war-wrecked scenes of a few days previous. I sensed the reason why every Englishman has a vision of a country home. The British Isles have become a veritable garden spot, nursed by centuries of care-taking. Even in the darkness I felt intuitively the presence of flowers along the wayside.

The big open fireplace was sending out its

cheery light as we sat and talked the evening hours away. Then a bit of Lancashire cheese and to bed, with sweet dreams in the Manor House.

In the morning, after a breakfast of shrimps, bareheaded, but fully gloved—English custom—we enjoyed a walk in the garden, still briskly discussing random subjects, ranging from ancient philosophy or latest detail of war, to modern methods of living.

One of Lord Leverhulme's hobbies is the hours of labor. "I believe in only six hours' labor," he said. "I am an advocate of a six-hour day. Shorter hours of labor, running two shifts of six and a half hours each, with a half hour for meals, is the ideal working day. It will meet the one great problem after the war. Decrease the hours of labor, increase production and extend markets —that is the business world's problem."

"That seems paradoxical," I ventured.

"Not at all," he responded. "By decreasing the hours of labor you relieve fatigue of the workers and can speed up machinery. Two shifts in daylight, bringing twelve hours of production without overtime, will increase production without increased overhead expense. This increased production naturally brings about an expansion of markets."

There is keenness in Lord Leverhulme's logic. As one of the great employers of labor in England, his ideas carry weight.

We paused to view the vast stretch of green running out to the Welsh Mountains, then on to the River Dee and down to the sea.

"Six hours a day," he continued as we resumed our walk, "would mean that young men and girls could work in shops, offices and factories, and at the same time continue their course of education. It would do away with night schools. Education would go hand in hand with work. It would not induce idleness outside the six working hours; it would give opportunity to grow and develop. It would mean more time for military training and drill. It would take away the dull gray monotony of labor and do away with over-strain—the big waster of efficiency."

"Are you limiting all labor to six hours a day?" I ventured.

"Yes, six hours a day at employment, leaving ten to twelve hours for education and recreation, to change the trend of thought."

Not far away were the chimneys of Port Sunlight, where, in 1886, Lord Leverhulme, then William Hesketh Lever, began to carry out his vision of ideal conditions for workmen. The

library, auditorium, plant and the surroundings indicate a crystallization of ideas and practical plans, for Lord Leverhulme is first of all a builder. He makes the waste places blossom with beauty and productivity. It was my privilege here to address three thousand girls at luncheon, and never was there a brighter or more wide-awake audience. It did my heart good just to talk to these earnest, sincere English lasses, who have been swept by the war into the tide of industry. Their spirit was matchless.

At the meeting of the staff and managers of the Port Sunlight Works, Lord Leverhulme presided. I could understand then the reason for his business success which stands out so conspicuously in the annals of Britain's industrial development. He thinks, feels and acts. Problems are as clear before his vision as before a blaze of light. His mind works with mathematical precision. One of his employees told of his drawing offhand with a lead pencil a diagram of land in almost exact proportions, as subsequently proved by the surveyed measurements.

Despite his high honors as member of the House of Lords, member of Parliament and high sheriff of Lancaster, Lord Leverhulme remains an exponent of intensified democracy. He enjoys

everything he does, particularly his avocation. Even his hobby for collecting furniture of different periods, books and paintings, seems the utilization of any slack rope in his daily activities.

He loves a joke or good story, and delights in the American variety. He has traveled widely, and his business experience has extended to all parts of the world. He has a warm spot in his heart for the United States, where he has large business interests. It was while on a voyage to America in 1890 that he planned the "Port Sunlight" of today and he came back with his plans consummated to every detail.

As a leader in the industrial life of Great Britain, Lord Leverhulme has fearlessly looked to the future of capital and labor. "Following the war, industry will be strained to meet the demand for manufactured goods, and now is the time to get ready for the inevitable adjustment that must come with the demobilizing of large armies."

He has little patience with a nation that will decry or underestimate its own natural advantages, and he points out that a peace cabinet composed of expert business men is as necessary as a war cabinet.

Lord Leverhulme is an educational enthusiast. "We must push education to the limit," said

this sterling little man who had struggled for an education. "We cannot depend on evening classes and expect overworked and wearied brains to be attracted to educational advantages."

Port Sunlight has been built up by making employees co-partners. This gives a mutual interest in the work and eliminates the benumbing effect of a wage system. Lord Leverhulme does not think any workman should be sentenced to toil for wages without direct interest in profits earned.

"And I have not much patience with the Ca' Canny shirkers and slackers, either," said he. "Piece work has been damned because some employers, after having ascertained the speed limits of the efficient workmen, have cut down the piece rates proportionately, contrary to the very system on which an employer builds his business. I believe in applying the good old rule—whatever we put into business or life we can take out and no more. The employer should apply the same principles to his workers that he applies to building up his own business."

"American trade unionism has disavowed the co-partnership idea," I suggested.

"Naturally," he quickly returned, "it is due to the fear that co-partnership might result in their

elimination. But they will see the advantage in due time."

"I do not believe," he continued, "in the logic of throwing the lion a small bit of meat to palliate his appetite. He will eat the small piece and attack the human sacrifice in the Coliseum as well. Too little meat leaves the Christian martyr in as much peril as before the lion is fed.

"Profits will vary in different institutions, and it will mean some jobs will pay better than others. It has always been so. Only this much is sure, the lazy loafer, be he employer or employee, who has not earned will not enjoy the fruits of profit.

"I do not believe in a pay envelope," said this man, with startling surprise. "It is the most unthrifty way of paying wages that could be devised, as well as a great waste of time. To my way of thinking, wages should be represented merely by a credit to the employees' own account at a bank of his selection. The effect of this would be that he could draw from the bank from time to time what was required for living expenses, and would leave in the bank the surplus as savings from week to week. The difference lies in carrying loose cash in the pocket and trying to save it and not having the money in hand when the temptation comes for some little extravagance. Thrift is the

natural corollary to increased wages, for the more one accumulates, the deeper and more firmly planted is the impulse to save."

Speaking of the industrial conditions of England, he said:

"We never know what can be done until we do it, for with five million men drawn for service of navy and army of Great Britain, we still have been able to keep pace with the enormous demands of the hour. This is because the spirit of labor has been appealed to. Back of it all is the patriotic motive which only proves you have but to touch the right chord in the human heart to meet with some whole-hearted response."

At his London house, The Hill, at Hampstead Heath, Lord Leverhulme exemplifies his love of art with rare paintings and bric-a-brac collections that would seem in themselves to involve a life study.

Lord Leverhulme's career furnishes a note of inspiration to thrill the heart of the English youth ambitious to succeed. He was born in Bolton in Lancashire sixty-seven years ago, educated at the Bolton Church Institute, and was apprenticed as a grocery boy at the age of sixteen. Here his ambition to get on in the world was first manifested. He made it his business to know every

customer personally and to serve him a little better than he had been accustomed to.

Using brains and tireless industry, he mounted steadily. His business success has been one of the commercial romances of England. When the sand dune peninsula of land opposite Liverpool, lying between the Mersey and the River Dee, blossomed from marshland into Port Sunlight, England saw a new creation in its great industrial life. This marvelous industrial city has been visited by many of the world's most distinguished people—the King and Queen of England, King Albert of Belgium, and hosts of others. At Poet's Square in Port Sunlight is a replica of Shakespeare's cottage at Stratford-on-Avon.

As chairman of the Board of Lever Brothers, Lord Leverhulme has laid his impress on world trade. At home he is beloved by all his associates. He served as high sheriff of Lancashire in 1917, and later was elected to Parliament from Wirral, a division of Cheshire.

He began life as William Hesketh Lever, was knighted as Sir William Lever, and later was raised to the peerage as first baron of Bolton-le-Morrs, county Palatine of Lancashire.

An only son, Hon. William Hulme Lever, is associated with him in the business. His father,

appreciating the importance of early training in public speaking, fitted the playroom of his boyhood with a rostrum, and the young lad was taught daily to think on his feet, and today he is a graceful speaker and presiding officer, trained to carry on the great work of Lord Leverhulme.

Lord Leverhulme's title is formed by combining his own name with that of his wife, whose maiden name was Hulme. A tender tribute to the one who shared in the struggles of his early career and whose death was the one great sorrow of his life.

His work in restoring Storoway Castle on the Island of Lewis; in reforesting the historic lake district where Wordsworth lived when he wrote his "Ode to Immortality"; his providing convalescent retreats for wounded soldiers—making his own home and manor house a hospital—all this indicates a great sympathetic heart acting with a great business brain to live up to the family motto, "I scorn to fear or change."

Our acquaintance continues as it began. The letters of Lord Leverhulme are coming to me as aforetime, bringing the joys of friendship, and giving a higher understanding of a great soul imbued with constructive ideals in inspiring others with the glory of toil.

XXII

AMERICAN AMBASSADORS IN WARRING EUROPE

TRAVELERS abroad are more likely to meet ambassadors and consuls in war than in peace times. The word "American," as we use it, sometimes annoys our Canadian and South American cousins, but we have been Americans from the time of Benjamin Franklin's appearance in France. Our use of the word is more traditional than intentional.

Visiting embassies in the warring countries made me more appreciative of our own State Department and its extensive functions at home and abroad. Responsibilities have multiplied and there is an intensified efficiency to meet war conditions. It is a welcome sight to a wayfaring American to see the Stars and Stripes waving over buildings in foreign lands, as familiarly as in our own. For the first time in history, Old Glory has floated from the Tower of London and the House of Parliament. Not only on historic

buildings in England, but in all the Allied countries it has been unfurled.

The ambassadors have not only manifested a high degree of statesmanship, but have carried out in their leadership the spirit and purpose of America.

When I was in Italy the popularity of President Wilson was most apparent. All his messages and every minute reference to the war were eagerly read and fervently admired. His words were accepted as the voice of America. The action of the Italian government in making Woodrow Wilson an adopted son of Italy on July 4th, 1918, reflected his popular and growing favor. This action was foreshadowed when, at a monster mass meeting at the Coliseum Senator Marconi, the inventor of the wireless, flashed over the seas the following message:

"President Wilson,

"White House, Washington:

"The people of Rome unite today at the Coliseum to celebrate the anniversary of the entrance into the war of the United States. On this auspicious day is accorded to me the honor of becoming the interpreter of this message, transmitted through limitless space, the sentiments of sincere friendship and close solidarity that join the people of Italy with those of the

United States, and express to you our liveliest admiration for your inspiring initiative and for those same principles which made Rome, and renew our faith in the triumph of right and civilization."

The placards announcing this meeting ran: "In the presence of eternal Rome." It continued: "History will record for the redeemed generations to come the disinterested action of America. Keep in your minds the sacred, powerful motives which induced President Wilson to declare war for a Society of Nations which will give to all the right of free existence and impose upon all respect for the liberty of others. Then come, citizens, tomorrow with fervent spirits and grateful hearts to the Coliseum . . . "

Color was lent to the occasion by soldiers who came from picked regiments from the fighting line along the Piave. Children were there, many in uniform—the little Garibaldians in red shirts; green-hatted orphans of soldiers from the Red Cross Home at Monte Porzio; women in nurses' uniforms; distinguished men from Italy, Great Britain, France and America, together with all ranks of people from Rome.

Among American authors is a name familiar in literary circles all over the world, and as Ambassador to Italy Thomas Nelson Page is adding

to his illustrious career. The Italian people hold him in peculiar respect and affection. Gold letters over the door indicate the quarters of the Embassy. Here the outer rooms were filled with Americans having all sorts of problems and personal troubles. These were the days of passports. The business organization investigated the case of each one thoroughly. The findings of Mr. Page were as complete and carefully expressed as in a proof for the press.

Long before I reached the Embassy, in the cafes, I heard from the lips of the Italians warm praise for the American Ambassador. He is more than a representative of his government; he is a sort of father confessor to all American strangers. His office has the atmosphere of a study, papers and documents being handled in a regular routine.

There was a wealth of Southern hospitality in his greeting. His acquaintance with and knowledge of the Italian leaders had fitted him for the work he has accomplished in Italy. Not a detail of Italian affairs on which he did not seem to be informed.

He speaks Italian fluently and has readily adjusted himself to Italian ways. Thomas Nelson Page closely resembles William Dean Howells, his literary contemporary. He is thoroughly at home in a discussion of the literature and art of Italy.

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KING ALBERT OF BELGIUM

This is the latest photograph of the Belgians' hero-king

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HIS MAJESTY, GEORGE V OF ENGLAND

At the Coliseum, where the American flag was unfurled with the Italian flag, the Ambassador, speaking for the American people, gave a thrilling address. With the ancient ruins filled with the great concourse of people, it was a scene not soon to be forgotten.

As the ringing words of the Ambassador winged their way through that crumbling structure, speaking words of hope for the Italian people, it was like the voice of prophecy for the future of democracy spoken on the site of one of the most ancient republics.

In war work activities, Ambassador Page and his accomplished wife have been active leaders. Mrs. Page is personally in charge of a workshop where the *profugi* from Italy are given material with which to make slippers, soles and all out of pieces of cloth sewed together. Materials for clothing and surgical dressings are also provided. The workshop I visited is located on the top floor of an old palace near the ancient four fountains which, like Tennyson's "Brook," flow on forever. The work has a very systematic handling. A careful tabulation is kept each day of the articles made, the cost, and where shipped.

They wished me to talk with the refugees, and many were the pathetic stories I heard from the

women now separated from their children and hoping for the time when they might be reunited. Their answers to my questions were given in all the simplicity of the Italian language, and in a most naive fashion. When I asked one woman from Venice if she had any children, she replied "Nearly."

In his soft Virginia drawl, the Ambassador could not resist the impulse to tell a good negro story now and then to illustrate a point. He had been in close touch with all the Red Cross and other activities in Italy; in fact, nearly all the American Consuls hereabout feel that an hour of advice or a visit to Thomas Nelson Page is an inspiration which keys them up to the work in hand.

CLOSE back of the battle lines, the United States Embassy at Paris is a center of war activities. Scarcely an American in Paris these days who does not look on the kind and smiling face of Ambassador W. G. Sharpe. He is a plump, good-natured business man with a stubby mustache, four-in-hand tie, and wears a business cutaway suit. He seems to be everywhere and at all places. He remains American in every action and word and has won the hearts of the French people.

At the chancery or door of the Embassy an

American soldier stands with a smile of greeting. Unarmed, his uniform alone represents his authority. In the Ambassador's office, over the mantel, is a flag of the State of Massachusetts with its stirring and warlike inscription, "By the sword we seek peace."

The reception room of the Embassy was supplied with papers from America, and it pleased me to find the clerk was from Worcester. Visitors are here received and appointments come thick and fast. There was an interesting delegation that morning representing a musical society, who desired Mr. Sharpe to preside at a public entertainment of twelve distinct types of Parisians. At the flat-top desk the Ambassador was dictating to two stenographers, one in French and the other in English. Both languages are familiar to him.

When he finished his work we walked down the boulevard. The internationality of Paris impresses one who walks through the streets and observes the names. It is like a lesson in geography. Nearly every country and large city in the world is honored by the names of Paris streets; in fact, the boulevard changes its name every few squares, as if to make the honors go around.

With the Ambassador I attended a luncheon in Circle Industriale, the home of Baron Rothschild,

in the center of Paris, given over for a club-house for British and American officers. Everything stops in Paris from twelve to two, and after the luncheon the members retire to another room or to a courtyard to drink coffee. It is over coffee that the conversation of the *dejeuner* or luncheon comes to a focus. Here, among other distinguished people I again met Viviani, fixing his colored cuffs —evidence of war times. He had the same winsome smile, his sparse hair parted in the middle, and his eyes danced as he recalled our previous meeting in America.

"Of all the experiences that have come to me, the speaking tour through America was the best," he said. "You know how it is—speaking to audiences who do not know your language—after your experiences at Rome, don't you?" he said quizzically. "Sometimes it seems like talking into a barrel, but when you catch the eye of an auditor here and there who does understand the language, it gives you courage to go on." I agreed with him. Viviani is of Corsican descent and is considered the greatest orator in France. There is something Napoleonic in his double-fist gestures.

A liberal portion of Smithfield ham at a dinner at the Ambassador's house that evening proved him to be a true host. Under the spell, I forgot

every other viand of the French chef and just ate ham.

Mrs. Sharpe and the two sons and daughter are very popular with the French. The son, Mr. George Sharpe, as Secretary Particular, is of great assistance to his father. All speak French like natives.

Ambassador Sharpe arrived in Paris the day the Germans were nearest to the city. He began his official duties on the day when blackest skies overhung France. From his hotel window overlooking the Place de la Concorde he saw Galleni's troops rushed out of Paris in taxis, some of the soldiers without uniform, to fight at the battle of the Marne.

In these stirring days the Embassy was the haven of excited Americans, and the skill with which he handled the perplexing problems of the hour enthroned him in the immediate confidence of the Americans and French.

Mr. Sharpe was born at Elyria, Ohio. He was a manufacturer and former member of Congress before he was made Ambassador. He had visited Paris many times, but little dreamed of the honor that was to come to him in later years. Whether at informal luncheons or at a state function, he appears to good advantage. Seldom a day passes

that distinguished people from all over the world are not in personal touch with him.

At the luxurious palace of the Bourbons, with its blaze of red curtains and regal splendor, in company with the Ambassador, I visited the Foreign Secretary, or Minister of Strangers. It was here I met Minister Pinchon, a genial, polished gentleman, who as foreign minister knows how to greet the strangers within and beyond the gates.

Few Ambassadors enjoy the confidence of a country like Mr. Sharpe. Keeping in touch with every phase of the war and diplomacy, he has helped to cement the friendship of United States and France.

He dedicated the monument at Verdun, and has been accorded other high honors by the French people. For the first time an American ambassador in Paris is Dean of the Diplomatic Corps, having served longer than the Ambassador of any other nation in Paris at the present time. When this distinction came to him, Mr. Sharpe was the recipient of hearty congratulations from Allied and neutral nations.

AS a wag in London remarked while I was waiting in the American Embassy at Grosvenor Square, there are two bright "Pages" in the

record of American diplomacy during the war—one is Thomas Nelson Page in Rome, the other Walter Hines Page in London, editor of the *World's Work*, a conspicuous figure in international affairs, and who, as Ambassador to the Court of St. James, has ably met the responsibilities of perhaps the most important ambassadorial post.

Some Americans in London still think of the Embassy as located at the old palace of St. James, whereas the American Ambassador has his headquarters at Grosvenor Square, although enjoying the title "to the Court of St. James," where the court functions are held, and where the gay king, Charles II, once lived.

In the large waiting room are files of newspapers. Among the complicated questions he has to meet, a good example is that of an American who wished to know how he could avoid paying an income tax on the same money in England and the United States. The routine details are first sifted by clerks, then the matter is taken to the second floor, where Ambassador Page sits as Judge Advocate. The rooms have all the evidences of the Ambassador's literary tastes in keeping with the traditions of James Russell Lowell and John Hay. On the walls are portraits of all the representatives to the

Court of St. James. They were called "Ministers to England" up to the time of Robert T. Lincoln, son of Abraham Lincoln, who facetiously inscribed on his photo in leaving, "The Last Minister." After that the post was raised to the rank of Ambassador.

Ambassador Page looks much as he did when I saw him as editor of the *Atlantic Monthly* in Boston. Even his spectacles were at the same angle, and he has an eye for diplomatic business, the same as he had for a good manuscript. He handles men as he handled authors—good and bad. The first suggestion he made was that I visit the Grand Fleet and Queenstown Base, confirming the suggestion of Admiral Sims. It is evident that American activities abroad are co-ordinated.

When Colonel Whitman's regiment paraded in London, Ambassador Page stood with King George, and each soldier received personally a fac-simile letter from the King at the suggestion of Mr. Page.

He lives in the country, where, in these strenuous days, he may find quietness and rest. The Embassy post office is one of the popular places in London and when the mail arrives, Americans line up in the hall to receive what is sent in care of the Embassy. In the diplomatic pouch papers are

carried these days which will have an international import in all the ages to come.

Mr. Page's secretary, Mr. Shucraft, hails from Kansas City, and while I was there left for America after a few hours' notice on a special mission.

On the desk of the Ambassador is a memoranda which resembles the days of assignment in a newspaper office. An interesting speaker, as well as a graceful writer, Ambassador Page is in great demand, and his appearance at the American-Luncheon Club with the Premier was an occasion of interest to Americans sojourning in England.

One of his greatest triumphs has been in the direction of the various Missions which have visited Europe. Particularly is this true of his assistance to the Labor Mission, bringing the leaders of Great Britain and America into fellowship and securing an audience with the King and Queen. "I feel like a perpetual reception committee," he said.

During the days preceding the declaration of war by America, Ambassador Page faced a situation in England calling for almost genius of diplomacy and patience. He reflected most ably the thought of America as expressed by President Wilson, and in every act has proven himself to be a

thorough American. The result of his ambassadorship will mark closer relations between England and America.

PRAYER OF A SOLDIER

Found in the pocket of a British Colonel who was killed in action in France

Father of all, Helper of the free, we pray with anxious hearts for all who fight on sea and land and in the air to guard our homes and liberty. Make clear the vision of our leaders and their counsels wise.

Into Thy care our ships and seamen we commend; guard them from chance-sown mines and all the danger of this war at sea, and as of old give them the victory.

To men on watch give vigilance, to those below calm sleep. Make strong our soldiers' hearts and brace their nerves against the bursting shrapnel and the unseen fire that lays the next man low.

In pity blind them from the sight of fallen comrades left upon the field.

May Christ Himself in Paradise receive the souls of those who pass through death.

Let not our soldiers ever doubt that they shall overcome the forces of that King who "seeks to wade through slaughter to a throne and shut the gate of mercy on mankind."

O God of love and pity, have compassion on the wounded, make bearable their pains or send unconsciousness.

To surgeons and dressers, give strength that knows no failing and skill that suffers not from desperate haste.

To tired men give time to rest.

Pity the poor beasts of service, who suffer for man's wrong.

For us at home, let not that open shame be ours, that we forget to ease the sufferings of the near and dear of brave men in the fighting line.

O Father, may this war be mankind's last appeal to force. Grant from the stricken earth, sown with Thy dead, an everlasting flower of peace shall spring, and all Thy world become a garden where the flower of Christ shall grow.

And this we beg for our dear Elder Brother's sake, who gave Himself for those He loved, Jesus Christ, our Lord. Amen.—*Buffalo Commercial.*

XXIII

AMONG THE WORKERS BEHIND THE LINES

AMONG the many and varied war activities behind the lines, which serve as rest and recreation centers for the boys, one gets a different picture of the great war. The comradeship between the soldiers of Canada and the United States on the soil of France is strong. The universal tributes to the splendid work of the Canadian hospitals were good to hear. The recitals of the daring and dashing qualities of the boys from over the border, brought a sense of kinship.

"Fearless devils, those Maple Leaf lads," said one French commander to me. "I saw them when they returned from Vimy Ridge. They had the bronzed cheeks and steady eyes of seasoned veterans."

Their language, manners and tastes make them seem closer to the Yankee troops. Many from the States were in the Canadian Army,

and Canadians in the United States Army made the bonds even closer. The Canadian khaki resembles the British.

In the hospitals the Canadian nurses have won particular distinction. A Nova Scotia nurse went out with the Harvard unit, and served a year in Canadian and British hospitals. She only desired the hard cases. "There's real victory in working to win back a life." Nurses take pride in their cases, referring to them as "my boys." Soldier life, after all, has its compensations.

I also met and talked with the soldiers from New Zealand. This little colony, fighters to the core, has a record of contributing its full quota of one hundred and thirty thousand troops at the first call. They talk through their noses, like Americans, but cling tenaciously to their English accent. They were the troops farthest away from home—four thousand miles—and yet as closely in touch with the great purposes of the war as their Allied comrades.

People wonder what the boys are thinking about. There is not a soldier among the millions enrolled who cannot tell you definitely why he is there. It is not only a matter of sentiment, but a realization that the time had come for him to render service that will make his home secure

for all future time. Each soldier has his own vision of the future, and when he may return.

Another picturesque soldier in France is the Australian, his hat jauntily turned up on one side. The insignia is a "sunburst," but that would not be needed to distinguish them. The burly boys from the Bush with their relentless energy make them seem like Americans at a distance. Australia did not adopt conscription, yet since she has more than filled her quota, it was felt to be unnecessary.

It was a treat to talk to our own strong, virile young American soldiers. Where was the soldier wearing khaki who was not prouder of it than of any broadcloth suit he ever wore? He showed it in his manner. Where is the silk hat that can rival the Stetson of the service? The canvas leggings are discarded in France for winding puttees.

"One thing you learn in the army," said one of the boys with whom I talked, "is to remember. If you don't remember a thing, off goes your block, for there is no excuse when a man forgets what he is told."

When one goes to an officer to ask for a privilege, the officer says: "You are in the army now." Realizing this, the boy is content, for no distinction excels that of being in the army.

One virtue in the life of a soldier is the great outdoors. Close to nature, whether it be in the mud of the trenches or the dust of the roads, the open has air worked wonders in producing strong constitutions.

About the hardest thing to combat is loneliness and homesickness. One of the lads told me a pathetic story of his pal. They were in the trenches and his buddy, Jim, was dispirited. He tried to cheer him up, but mail after mail arrived with no letter for Jim. He grew disconsolate.

"Everyone seems to have forgotten me, even my own mother. To hell with everything."

They attempted to cheer him, but to no avail. Just before starting out for a raid to kidnap a few Boche that night, he said:

"Boys, I think this is my last trip with you."

Again they tried to brace him. In the light of a lantern he sat down and wrote a letter to his mother.

In No Man's Land, still wrapped in the early morning mist, the little band of raiders were discovered. There was a volley from the machine guns of the enemy. Jim had fallen. That night when his companions returned to camp, a delayed mail was distributed. Jim's name was called twice. Two postals had come from his home,

but too late. On one was the sentence: "We were too busy to write before."

The one thing the boys crave more than anything else is letters from home. The next best thing is the home paper, for in the reveries of camp life they constantly have visions of the old home and the dear ones. To see them seize the home papers and familiar American magazines does one's heart good. Not in the excitement of the firing line, but in hours of rest loneliness comes.

In some places I saw Red Cross girls driving the trucks. When women drivers reach a certain efficiency they are permitted to wear a belt. Such insignia "over there" means more than silk and satin—it means service.

Now and then I came across a Wellesley, Vassar, Bryn Mawr or Smith College unit, proud of its opportunity.

To find the Salvation Army lassies in the Salvation Army cabins giving out doughnuts to the boys was a real home touch. Thousands of soldiers are served each day as they come from the trenches. The food is served at cost, but if the soldier has no money he gets it just the same. Salvation Army officials told me these debts of honor seldom remain unpaid. I heard the tributes the boys paid to the McIntyre girls of Mount Vernon,

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PRESIDENT POINCARE OF FRANCE

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VICTOR EMMANUEL, KING OF ITALY

New York, who, under fire, distributed pies, doughnuts and cakes, refusing to desert their post so long as they could be of service. Yankee doughnuts capture the boys. In one large warehouse the lassies were washing clothes for the boys, and when dry they would mend them like so many mothers. Here was a mountain of shoes, German, French, all kinds picked up, being repaired for the soldiers. Nothing is wasted.

A familiar sight, as American troops march through the villages, is to see the children run out to greet them as "big brothers."

The colored troops from the States were in a rollicking mood. They seemed the most carefree of them all. There was never a moment when they were not enjoying themselves, whether stopping for a boxing bout on the way or just having improvised minstrel shows. The humor among them has caught the fancy of the French newspaper writers.

At another place I saw the great camouflage drying sheds, where mats for artillery covers were being made like awnings for porches. French peasant women were cutting raffia-grass, for which they were paid one dollar a day. The burlap of these strange blankets of disguise is laid on ten layers thick and painted green like the grass. As

the workers filled in the designs arranged by the artists, it all reminded me of a gobelin tapestry workroom.

The one thing the American soldier exhibits with the greatest degree of pride is the picture which he has had taken of himself and of his captured German prisoner. It is shown with the degree of enthusiasm of a trophy after a bear hunt. I met many of the chaplains and their work at the front is inspiring. There was Chaplain Smith, who is now at Rheims. Here, also, I talked with Chaplain Danker of Worcester, Massachusetts, who has since died of his wounds, and for whom a public square has been named in his native city; and Chaplain Duval of the Knights of Columbus. It is difficult to tell the chaplains of one denomination from another, as they are all dressed in khaki. Major Fay, secretary to Cardinal Gibbons, has been made a prelate by the Pope in recognition of his work, and wears his new honor becomingly in his regimentals.

Y. M. C. A. WORK

One is not long in France, especially near the war zone, without becoming familiar with the red triangle of the Y. M. C. A., which has erected 505 huts, where the soldiers pass their leisure

time in games and reading. The physical and moral welfare of soldiers is being well cared for by this organization. I found boys reading, always reading, and the different tastes in books was notable. One young curly-headed fellow was searching everywhere for books on psychology. He said to me:

"You know we can increase efficiency if we understand psychology and develop telepathy."

"And how do you expect to use telepathy after you get it?" I asked.

"It's a good thing to know what a German has in his mind when you are hidden behind the trench line," was his laughing response.

In another Y. M. C. A. hut I found the boys cultivating flowers, and the expert on horticulture was telling them the difference between a French and an American dandelion. In one aviation camp the horticulturist had surrounded the onion bed with a most beautiful fringe of roses, enhancing the lowly vegetable far beyond its usual station.

At the Montaine Y. M. C. A. canteen on the Champs Elysees, an old palace built by the last Napoleon for Migne, his financial minister, and amid handsome furnishings turned over to the Y. M. C. A., I found a retreat in which to talk after

wrestling with my bad French. Here the boys gather for good times and comforts, to get a glimpse of home living and perhaps something to eat that smacks like "mother's home cooking." There were real pies, "holed" doughnuts, canned corn and things unknown in the triumphs of the French chefs, and longed for by our American boys. The waitresses are all volunteers, American girls, who know how to create a home atmosphere and give a social aspect to the lingering moments over dessert. In the smoking room or billiard room the lads seemed to forget that they were away from home, for the old palace glowed with the spirit of an American hostelry. The throngs gathered after supper in one of the large rooms where a program of music and entertainment was furnished. The boys enjoyed it hugely, and well they might, for they were given a concert that would do honor to any salon musicale. There were golden-voiced singers from the Opera Comique; a pianist, who was the prize pupil of the veteran Saint-Saëns. The program concluded with a message from the folks at home, and it was my good fortune to deliver a tribute to the flag. Their encore, three cheers and a "tiger," too, by these lusty boys was a most thrilling moment to me, and when, dim-eyed, I asked "What is

your message to the folks back home?" they replied as one:

"*We'll stick to the finish.*"

I could not leave without a further word. "Are you all as happy and contented as you look?"

There came a chorus, in the new Franco-Anglo language, "*Oui, oui*—you bet your life."

I was never so proud of the unconquerable American spirit as when I saw it glowing in their faces!

The large signs "Quiet" on the walls of some of the headquarters indicated that the flowing French and twangy English chatter of the American and French girls was too much. There was also a sign "Save the paper," and waste baskets yawned emptily. Used envelopes served as memorandum paper—every "scrap of paper" was sacred in the activities of the war, as distinguished from the haughty Teuton phrase, "only a scrap of paper."

The American soldiers are not allowed to remain lonesome if good books will help them to pass the time. In every Y. M. C. A. hut, tent and canteen, in every Salvation Army cabin, in every Knights of Columbus building, in every Red Cross hospital, in every club where soldiers of the A. E. F. assemble, are simple placards announcing the "War Service Library, provided by the People

of the United States through The American Library Association." Hundreds of thousands of books are already on the improvised book shelves, and each reader is his own librarian. A red and black card sign in fac-simile by the Commander-in-chief is on the wall:

> *These books Come to us Overseas from Home.*
> *To Read them is a Privilege.*
> *To Return them Promptly, Unabused, a Duty.*
>
> JOHN J. PERSHING

The collection of books in each library ranged from fifty to five hundred volumes, all of them good American books of all sorts, from the red-blooded Western stories to the latest scientific treatise on aviation or other branches of military service.

Attired in familiar khaki, with "A. L. A." on his shoulder, Mr. Burton E. Stevenson, the European representative of the American Library Association, is doing efficient work. In many of the larger cantonments at home, the A. L. A. erected its own buildings as central libraries and used the other recreational buildings in the camp as branches. In France they make use of every nook and corner to give the soldiers easy access to the books. The nation-wide campaign in America

to secure books for the use of the A. E. F. in France brought the astounding total of over three million volumes, which were collected, prepared for issue with a label, book-card and pocket by American libraries, and sent on to France. All of the books are shipped in special A. L. A. cases, holding about sixty books each. Three of these cases, stacked on top of each other, form a six-shelf bookcase. In these units they are easily moved about from place to place.

At the request of General Pershing, the War Department transports fifty tons of these books every month for the men overseas. This means approximately one hundred thousand volumes and does not include books being sent across on transports in care of Y. M. C. A., Red Cross and other organizations. The books received through public donation consist largely of fiction. The War Department made up for the deficiency of technical works by purchasing over three hundred thousand special reference books, with the view of their being of direct value to the education of our men.

Eagle Hut, in London, is a central place, not only for Americans, but for the British as well. There is a splendid co-operation between both. It is here that the American orators try their

wings, and it suits the English and the boys as well.

Perhaps the most popular song here is one written by an American, Zoe Elliott, of Manchester, N. H., and whose poems were first printed in the *National Magazine*. Any day one can hear his inspiring song, "It's a Long, Long Trail."

At the group meetings the boys call for the songs they love most. And among the popular numbers are: "Carry Me Back to old Virginny," "My Old Kentucky Home," "On the Banks of the Wabash," "Illinois," "California, I Love You." And, strangely enough, the favorite song of the Australians is "My Little Grey Home in the West."

Y. W. C. A. WORK

I had opportunity to see the good being done for the women munition workers of France by the American Y. W. C. A. When I visited their headquarters in a building near the large munition factories at Lyon, I met Miss Anderson, in charge, holding a meeting on a Sunday afternoon. The platform was a bower of flowers, surrounding a piano, and other decorations to give the home-touch.

Luncheon is served every day and meetings to cement the bonds of friendship. The French

women seem especially appreciative of what the Americans do for them. Miss Anderson insisted that I make an address. I spoke in English and it was translated into French. It was a novel experience to try to say something gallant and chivalrous and then wait for it to explode through the translator. Before I could gather my thoughts I had a wave of the hand and had to say something else. The few little pet French phrases that I attempted to use seemed to please them more than a real joke.

This is the work in which Mrs. Cashman, Mrs. Coleman du Pont and many of the ladies who had been fellow-passengers on the *Espagne* are greatly interested, and is of importance to the women workers of France and to the children as well. It is getting close to the homes.

THE ROCKEFELLER FOUNDATION

With mortality records showing death from consumption increasing three hundred per cent among the civilian population of Paris, and also in other portions of France, it was not surprising to meet Dr. George E. Vincent, president of the Rockefeller Foundation, on the soil of France, giving his personal, vital energy to the work.

While the Rockefeller Foundation is world-wide

in its scope, the work in France has been intensified. The spirit of the Rockefeller Foundation, as explained by Dr. Vincent, was not one of complaisant patronage. They found much to admire in French tuberculosis sanatoria, dispensaries and methods, and the purpose was to combine this work with the French authorities, as the American Army and Navy were brigaded with the Allies. An active working agreement was made with the Red Cross, and the first experiment was made in the Department of *Eure-et-Loire*, southwest of Paris, which was selected for special anti-tuberculosis demonstration by the Commission. In every one of the areas a dispensary was established with modern equipment and a trained staff. The people were taught the best ways and methods of fighting tuberculosis. Printed matter prepared by French writers and illustrated by French artists is widely distributed. Motor trucks are equipped to generate current for projection apparatus, in showing educational slides. In every way effort is put forth to direct the thoughts of the people toward stamping out tuberculosis.

When I saw sitting outside of the Rockefeller Foundation dispensary a frail figure of a girl with shining eyes, it recalled the story of "Camille." Her cheeks had the unmistakable glow of con-

sumption, and she was there to receive treatment and to get advice of the expert physician. It was felt there was little hope. Her white face, enhanced by black crepe, revealed her only wish:

"If I could only live until Jean comes back."

It was a love romance I saw at a glance. An elderly French officer arrived and recognized her. It was Jean's father. I did not understand the language, but actions spoke aloud. The father, at the behest of his boy at the front, was looking for the fiancee with the blessing he had withheld.

Although dry and undemonstrative in its facts and figures, scientific and exacting in its analysis of things, there is a halo of life and death in the fight which the Foundation is making in France.

The spread of the disease has already been checked to an almost unbelievable degree. Sixty people were working at the headquarters in Paris, under the direction of Dr. Livingston Farrand, who has been in France for the past year.

At Circle Industriele lunch I found Dr. Carel, dressed in his French uniform and engaged in the big medical problems of the war. The treatment of "shell shock," combining as it does both a physical and mental disease, is one of the most baffling with which medical science has to deal. The term is used to describe a wide range of cases from true

paralysis to simple cowardice. Dr. Thomas W. Salmon is making a special study of these and other nervous casualties.

KNIGHTS OF COLUMBUS

The work of the Knights of Columbus is growing rapidly. Supplies and men come overseas almost every day. At present there are in France forty huts in operation, with one hundred secretaries and forty Knights of Columbus chaplains.

At the principal ports their large buildings are seen. These are filled with comforts for the men going to the front.

Out in the field of operations their unique automobile kitchens roll along with the men going to the front, each one, with their trailers, able to supply two hundred and fifty men at a time.

In the huts soldiers find comfort kits, boxing gloves, baseball outfits, trench checkers, tobacco and cigarettes, and plenty of stationery on which to write home.

The comforts of the men are studied, even to supplying them with bouillon cubes, from which they may make hot drinks, and candies even are among the cheer-bits which the workers supply.

No money is charged for any of these articles,

they are freely given to the men so long as the supply lasts.

The work is thoroughly cosmopolitan; the uniform is the only badge the organization knows, and all who wear it are sure of a cordial greeting and ready assistance from the workers in these huts.

To see Jewish Rabbi, Protestant and Catholic chaplains working side by side in the great effort of relief and comfort is one of the inspiring pictures of the war.

LOYAL ORDER OF MOOSE

When I heard the clear ringing tenor voice of my friend, Joe Jenkins, of Pittsburg, singing in a Paris church, "I Know That My Redeemer Liveth," it was to see in the expression of the faces of the congregation the spiritual awakening of France. When the clear vibrant notes rang out, it seemed as if there must be a reconsecration of faith in God.

Mr. Jenkins is in charge of the work of the Loyal Order of Moose in Paris, and is doing much for their soldier members at the front. The work is being directed by Mr. James Davis, president of the Order, who was widening the scope of the civic war activities. Many branches of the Order are being organized in France and other European countries to cement the fraternal spirit in military

organizations which will follow the war. The Moose haunts in Paris are located opposite the Madeleine.

JEWISH WAR RELIEF

True to the instinct of mercy, of relief to the helpless, to the suffering of the maimed, the halt and the blind, which has ever been part and parcel of their religious belief, the sons of Abraham are heart and soul in all helpful ministries.

Asking for no particular channel through which to work, and seeking no gain, the Hebrew associations are contributing most generously of time and means to the relief of war sufferers and to cheering those in actual hostilities.

"BEACON OF FRANCE"

In a Toul cafe I met Miss Holt as she was engaged in her "Beacon of France" campaign. Later I visited this institution which was founded by French and Americans for the relief of those blinded in the war. It is located in one of the old homes of Paris, and is surrounded by a peaceful garden. It is here that the blind are taught some useful occupation to enable them to earn a livelihood. Not only are they taught to work with their hands, but to use all their other faculties as well. They are first taught to read and write by

the Braille System. Many of them also learn to use a typewriter and some have even taken up the study of stenography.

They are taught pottery, both modeling and decorating, weaving of cloth, use of knitting machines—nearly every vocational trade for the blind is included in the curriculum.

Teachers are nearly all volunteers and include well-known instructors and specialists. The recreational phase shows the "Beacon of France" at its best. In the gymnasium a fencing master was teaching the blind to fence. In the music-hall concerts and entertainments, now famous in Paris, were being given.

To see the blind enjoying themselves on roller-skates, merry-making, relieved the grewsome shadows of war.

THE WORK OF RECONSTRUCTION

After travelling over the shell-ridden battle-fields and ruined villages is to have a deeper appreciation of the organization of women having for its purpose the rebuilding of the destroyed villages of France. This organization works in co-operation with the authorities. Their able and generous efforts will soon result in the changing of blackened masses of stone and plaster to well-built and comfortable homes.

"Homes Past and Future," a pamphlet written by Mrs. Helen Choate Prince, tells the story graphically. It is proposed to make a photograph of every village adopted, showing all its ruined misery, and afterward to make photographs with the improvements made and send the records and pictures to the godparents who adopted the destroyed village.

Mrs. Prince has made a tour of the devastated country. Her companion, pointing out the bare branches of the dead trees, said: "But, look, this is not winter—it is summer." It is the summer of hopefulness in these French villages. The people are cheered by the generous-hearted patronesses of the movement to build again.

Among the patronesses of the movement are the names of many prominent American women in France who, working heart and soul with the French women, are helping to rehabilitate rural France and make her more glorious than ever.

XXIV

KING ALBERT IN HIS TRENCHED DOMAIN

IT'S a long way from Havre—now the capital of Belgium—to the little area of French land which represents the domain of King Albert of the Belgians.

When I arrived in the quaint and picturesque channel port of France, I thought not so much of France as of little Belgium. Even the town of ancient Rouen with its war activities and British troops did not distract my attention from that little strip of land to the northeast known in our geography as Flanders.

Rouen revived memories of the old struggle between France and England. It seems more like an English city than any other town in France, and has been virtually turned over to the British as a base of supplies.

Passing through Brittany on the way to Havre, herds of cattle seemed more numerous than on a western plain, and presented a pastoral panorama,

recalling Picardy before it had fallen under the Prussian blight.

Arriving at Havre, I drove through the fog mists to the home of Mr. Brand Whitlock, United States Minister to Belgium, which is located on a quiet street with a flower garden in front. He was not at home, but away preparing to move—a habit created in Belgium in the stirring days of 1914. In his study were masses of papers and manuscripts, indicating a busy life. Ever since the war cloud burst, Mr. Whitlock has been a conspicuous figure in European affairs, and his record of those days has already become history.

There was nothing suggestive of the stirring days, nor of the strenuous work in caring for the refugees who were driven ruthlessly from their homes, though the quiet did not hide the tragic memories of the first scenes in the war. Some members of scattered families were still calling at the Legation in hopes of news from their lost ones, but always leaving with a blessing upon the Nation which had helped them in the hour of need.

On the streets of Havre were soldiers with little tassels on their caps, a distinctive feature of their uniform. The Belgian army is even larger than when the green-gray lines of the Germans swept

across the border, pouring murderous shrapnel into this peaceful realm.

This old seaport town fairly reeks with romance, and is even now more picturesque with the rollicking freedom of the sailors. The heart of Havre is the large basin in which vessels, defiant of enemy raiders and submarines, are moored, representing the free commerce of the high seas. The drive along the seawall furnishes an inspiring picture. Evidences of the old days of peace and restfulness by the sea remain.

Bright-faced Yankee soldiers add a new touch to the scene. One of them directed me to the buildings in which the government offices of Belgium are located. They are only temporary quarters and resemble the beaver board structures in Washington, and the governmental machinery is intact and running just as if Belgium was not occupied by Huns.

When I entered these quarters, I thought of Brussels. The little American flag I wore attracted the attention of the messengers. Every face brightened and seemed to reflect a spirit of gratitude toward America. Many of the Belgians speak English, or at least, understand it. One old man with his whiskers, looked like Uncle Sam, and so attracted my attention that

I shook his hand. He smiled and said in broken English:

"American always good—he knows our hearts."

A char woman was busy brushing a Belgian flag. As I stood looking at it, my "Uncle Sam" friend, proud of his English explained the colors in it, saying:

"Red for blood, yellow for hope, black for mourning."

The artillery activities at the front had been resumed, but the attacks were repulsed. On the banks of the Canal Yser, King Albert holds his trenched domain with one hundred and eighty thousand soldiers. The flag of little Belgium still proudly floats over her troops.

No conqueror has ever passed the River Yser. Even Caesar with his legions never did it; Napoleon pushing his armies into Russia, even when conquering Prussia, never crossed the Yser. It may be called the modern Rubicon over which no invader ever passed. The banks of the river are low and marshy, and Germans in frequent attempts to cross on pontoon bridges were repulsed. Belgian soldiers for diversion now and then swim across with knives and cold steel to worry the Hun.

The Belgian frontier extends from Nieuport to

Ploegsteert, and a journey toward it recalled a succession of the ghastly memories of 1914. In the salient extending out from Ypres (pronounced all way from I-prees to Wy-press, according to the country, or as the British "Tommies" say "Wipers), is a part of the bloody cockpit of Europe.

The "big show" at Ypres is still conversation for many of the British with whom we chatted on the speed-record tour. Now we began to know what the Hindenburg line meant. What stories some of the old dilapidated and crumbling trenches, yawning like open or abandoned graves, could tell! In many the dead had been placed while shells were falling and armies retreating.

The trip was fast because we had to make many detours and go roundabout ways. We carried a schedule of the junction points at which to make changes, but would have been lost or missing to this day except for the kindly help of the officers who straightened us out, with many a disgusted nod as they looked at the photograph of my blank and guileless face, talking real languages I didn't understand.

Truly it was a whirlwind jaunt. The most I remember was telephone poles. In a three-cornered house where one wing had been left standing,

we had lunch. The old lady pointed proudly to the picture of Woodrow Wilson on the wall and told of how her family had been scattered, and of her boys still in the army. "We will all unite again," was her hopeful reply when the interpreter told her the latest war news. Though the house was ruined, she had kept together some trophies of Flemish art, as well as heirlooms.

To see Flanders was like visiting sacred ground. I had looked forward to meeting King Albert as the one great event of the trip, because I had met him in 1898 as he traveled incognito through the United States. While waiting for the long-looked-for appointment, which Mr. Whitlock had earlier tried to arrange, my thoughts went back to the days when the young Prince, after his visit to the United States, became to his own people the pulsating voice of democracy. After he had made his farewell visit to President McKinley, I saw him turn and point to the flag over the White House and say:

"What a great flag you have."

"You bet that's a great flag," I replied, in all the gusto of '98.

"Yes, but out of that flag has been born a new flag—a flag with a single star representing free and independent Cuba."

This tribute to Old Glory from the lips of Prince Albert has never been forgotten.

Mr. Brand Whitlock in his reports has charged the Germans with specific facts and dates of the atrocities at Dinant where ninety people, including six babies in their mother's arms, were driven into the street and shot. This was in August, 1914. The city of Namur was made to pay thirty-two million francs for indemnity before the murderous German guns had stopped smoking. Then, too, there was the tragic spectacle at Ardenne—but all this is now a record.

As has been said: "A highwayman demands your money or your life," but the Huns took both.

Driven back at times in their invasion, they returned to rob and loot and kill with redoubled fury. Each town has its authentic record of these atrocities. The blackest pages of human history are those written by the Boche in the blood of Belgium. They will ever remain the black curse of Germany.

Long before I saw King Albert there was a rush among the tassel-capped soldiers, a look akin to lovelight in their eyes, as they anticipated the frequent but always prized privilege of seeing the one they affectionately call "our hero King." And now he appeared—the stoop of the Prince

was gone. In simple khaki he looked every inch a King in deed as well as birth. His greeting had the same cordial manner of twenty years ago. There was more in his actions than in his words. He stopped to read a paper a messenger brought, and although near-sighted, he sees everything about him. His manner indicates a thoughtful kind-hearted friend.

"You Americans always awaken inspiring memories," he said looking up.

My usual question, "Will you visit America again?"

"I am visiting America often in my thoughts," he replied graciously.

Just then an orderly came up. I felt that the plans made to see him later might go awry, for there was news of activity on the front, and war waits for nothing.

The one passion of King Albert is to be with his soldiers, and to spend as much of his time as possible on the soil of his beloved Belgium. This was all I saw of the men I had so much desired to meet, but I had learned already to keep out of the way when "artillery activities" were reported.

King Albert is the grandson of the founder of the dynasty which ruled Belgium for nearly ninety years. He was born in 1875, being the

son of the youngest son of Leopold the First. As such, his likelihood of wearing the crown was considered remote. His education was military, and his tastes industrial, for early in life he loved to meet and mingle with the people at work. He also knew the value of silence, and although by virtue of his rank a member of the Belgian Senate, he never took part in the discussions involving partisan matters. He made trips to England, and his journeys to the Congo State, and the United States were at first opposed by his uncle, King Leopold II, but the young Prince prevailed.

Two years after his tour of the United States, he married the daughter of a Bavarian prince who was famous as an oculist. The daughter had helped her father in his work and as Queen Elizabeth of Belgium, she has truly been a helpmate to her hero King. When he took the oath of his office in 1909, he gave expression to words that foreshadowed his career. "I swear to observe the constitution and to defend the integrity of the national territory." When the crucial moment came he immortalized his oath.

His utterances are cherished by the Belgian people.

In one of the headquarters I saw a sheet of crude wrapping paper in a gold frame, which had

once contained a painting, on which is engrossed the following:

"The sovereign must be the servant of the law and supporter of social peace. I love my country and the Queen shares with me the unalterable feeling of fidelity to Belgium which we are inculcating in our children. I will endeavor to deserve your confidence myself and before the country I take the pledge to do my duty scrupulously and to consecrate all my strength and life to the service of our country."

These were words spoken before the flame of war had appeared and indicate the foundation of the faith on which King Albert has builded. Even then he seemed to sense the coming storm, and against bitter opposition ardently supported the army bill. He seemed to have a premonition of Germany's purpose, and of the fateful Sunday, August 2, 1914, when the Prussian ultimatum was issued.

There was a suggestion of humor in his famous remark that "Germany seemed to believe Belgium was a road, not a country."

The masterful retreat which he made before the first German drive, and in establishing his line from Nieuport along the Yser Canal showed military training and genius. Frequently he goes

to the front line trenches in undress uniform with only the star of Leopold hidden under his cape to indicate his rank. An unerring marksman he was seen to take the rifle of a soldier who had just been killed and to continue the actual defense of his country, glorifying his saying:

"My place is with my brave soldiers."

A strong figure, clinging to the little corner of Belgium, and refusing to cross the Channel to England for greater safety he declared:

"It is better to die here than in a foreign land. If Belgium loses her freedom to brute force, I will perish with its defenders."

There is only one dominant feeling among Belgians today. The trenched domain, consisting largely of sand dunes stretching from the North Sea along the sluggish waters of the Yser, means more to King Albert and the Belgians—defended as it is with honor—than Continental Russia crumbling under the treason of the Bolsheviki.

XXV

LONDON IN WAR TIMES

BRACKETTED between my first and last impressions in London were many things, but the first and last scenes not only stand out clearly, but are an index of the whole spirit and temper of London today.

The first picture was when I arrived in the Waterloo Station and looked upon a Red Cross hospital train bright and fresh from the car shops. An eager throng was passing up and down on a tour of inspection, examining the equipment and perhaps wondering how soon their own might be there. Americans were among them. This hospital train was built in England for the medical department in France. In it was a surgical room filled with dressings and fitted with the latest improvements. The Glennon bunks are built into all the cars for the sick and wounded. A kitchen car was attached in which there was running water and a room for the cooks. The

large Red Cross, the international insignia, was on the windows of the cars, shining fresh and radiant amid the grimy surroundings. And that very night an air raid occurred and the cars were used.

The second picture was on the day of my departure, when at Victoria Station, an out-going train was thronged with British "Tommies," going to the front. A mass of people had gathered to say farewell. Fathers, mothers, sisters and sweethearts were in the crowd. Officers in uniform were there, many of whom were of the gentry. A suppressed feeling, and sometimes a tearful expression overspread the faces of the onlookers, though the soldiers seemed to be in the traditional jovial mood. In that train the officers were traveling first-class, others second and third class, but in the heart of each soldier was a spirit which bespoke a new comradeship, animated by one purpose and welded in a common cause.

In all that concourse, two figures standing together engaging in conversation, particularly attracted me. No word would be needed to tell you that one of them was a nobleman—he looked noble. The other was a man fully seventy. His hair white, his face furrowed, with a slight stoop to his frame. He was a Yorkshire textile worker. It was the old man who was speaking:

"I have six sons, sir, in the war, four of them wounded, one in the big drive now on, and the baby's off tonight, sir! See him there?" pointing him out.

The scion of ancient lineage, with not so much as a quiver though he was bidding his only son good-bye, said:

"We are each giving our all now!"

Just then the tall manly figure of the baronet's son appeared for the last word with his father.

"Let me have a line often, Governor," he merrily chirped and was off with a wave of his hand.

Within twelve or twenty-four hours that train-load of British sons would be at the front, as a part of the emergency reserves stemming the waves of the onrushing Huns.

On arriving in London I stood for an hour outside the station waiting for a taxi. None appeared, so a-top a bus I started through the streets. Nowhere was the gay sprightly life of other days visible. London seemed war-worn, yet it was wrapped in a quiet stern glory.

Walking along the Thames Embankment, I observed the walls on my right covered with every conceivable kind of poster with appeals for war relief, but it was the finest literature I ever read.

One of them displayed large letters across the top, "The Die Hards"—a poster with a grim meaning. Some of our American food posters were there—also appealing to a hungry traveler.

I had to go to Scotland Yard to report—Mecca for Conan Doyle and the great detective eye of the world. Finding I could not report there, I was sent to Bow Street, where many a famous criminal was incarcerated. After being duly Londonized by the sergeant, who was very considerate of me, I found myself in a long line of people waiting for identification cards to be stamped.

A good American cigar facilitated the dispatch of my affairs. The sergeant took me into a side room and I was through in a hurry. He seemed to want to talk about America and asked: "When are your boys coming over?"

Lunching at the old Cheshire Cheese Inn—made famous by Dr. Johnson, whose head rested so many times against the wall that it was said to have made a niche in it—I, too, rested my head. There was very little on the menu except fish. From others at the table could be heard the exclamation: "Same old salmon." Beef and Yorkshire pudding were among the missing.

London has always prided herself on her policemen. When I reached the Strand, not one of the

old guard was in sight. Neither was there a single pleasure automobile rolling along the streets. People were using the tubes and busses. Rigid economy was in the very air. The people as they moved about still manifested remarkable cheeriness. In the parks blue uniformed wounded soldiers were to be found in great numbers. They were also threading their way through the crowds on all the streets. London is the center of hospitals for wounded soldiers. In the open spaces and parks, war huts were tucked into every available space, together with larger buildings for officers.

The only way I could get around was in a rackety taxi. In it I spent many busy hours rolling about London. It was the only way I could make my calls.

One of the great shopping centers in London is a department store founded by my old friend, H. Gordon Selfridge. He was formerly manager of Marshall Field's retail store in Chicago, and when he decided to locate in London, there was a shaking of heads, showing evidences of doubt among both English and American friends. Yet, in the astonishingly short space of a few years, the establishment of Selfridge has become a prominent institution of Great Britain, foreshadowing in a

business way what has later come about in the military and naval alliance.

It was a real American feeling to be caught by the crowd and carried to the soda fountain in the corner. Fizz fountains are rare in London. Here I drank to the health of my friend, H. Gordon Selfridge.

At Crewe House Lord Northcliffe, the newspaper ruler of Great Britain, has his office. As the owner of the *London Times* (The Thunderer), and other papērs and periodicals, he is a powerful voice in the public life of the Empire. He had been ill for some months, due to the strain of his service on the American Commission. He made an appointment for me to see him, but the taxi service was too slow to enable me to make all points on the schedule.

Then I had a hurried luncheon with Arthur T. Pollen, reputed as the expert writer in naval affairs. He has visited the United States, and his analytical discussions of American affairs and public men contain a perspective not attained by any man since Lord Bryce.

We had not left the table after another piscatorial feast, when the somewhat stooped form of the Right Honorable Winston Churchill, former First Lord of the Admiralty, stood before us.

He was in a jovial mood. He wore a winged collar, black cravat, and his grey eyes glistened as he whistled "The Yanks are Coming." That was his unique way of greeting me. He was swinging his cane up and down with a movement that indicated the rise and fall of his political fortune—for Churchill must be reckoned with.

Americans in London seem to be thoroughly purged of the braggadocio of tourist days, and British reserve has been melting accordingly. London seems more homelike than ever to Americans. My good friend, Mr. George Thomas of Manchester, always warm-hearted with strangers, is now looked upon as a model host by his English friends. He may yet sacrifice his whiskers as a compliment to the smooth-face American.

Going out to Wimbledon I called on Mr. Byron Miller, of the Woolworth Company. Mr. F. W. Woolworth was himself in France when the war broke out, and his experiences in getting out of the field of hostilities well illustrates his favorite phrase: "There must be some way out." Calling later on Lord Morley at Flower Heath, I passed the golf links, which, together with the parks, had been cut up into "allotments." Myriads of people have gardens there. They were dotted all over with tool houses, resembling "claim"

shanties. For the first meal at Norfolk Lodge, Mrs. Miller had a vegetable loaf, looking like sausages side by side. Vegetables, corn fritters and peanuts constituted the meal. In their garage, were two automobiles neither of which had been used for two years. Everybody was under war regulations.

The most complete unit I saw anywhere in Europe was composed of a few American women, called the "Care Committee for American Soldiers." Here every American woman is working with both hands, including the wife of the Ambassador and Consul. Their quarters are located on Bond Street, over a jewelry shop, the rooms being generously contributed by the proprietor. These elect women personally visit the hospitals where there are American wounded to ascertain what each would like and to see that it is provided. It was here that I met a young lieutenant who had fallen with his airplane, his jaw crushed so badly that he could scarcely talk, yet able to express his gratitude for the painstaking kindness of this little group of American women. The one thing most desired by this Care Committee is American magazines and papers, the only way to secure which is to order from the publishers. Only the individual order can be sent, no packages are allowed.

Yielding to what was now a habit, I started for the Red Cross headquarters where I found Major Endicott in charge. Here were hundreds of wives of soldiers making surgical dressings. So painstaking were they in the preparation of these that not even a stray thread was allowed for fear it might irritate a wound.

Not far from here is the statue of Florence Nightingale. Statues, as well as men, have their day. This statue reflects the heart of London in the war, a fresh wreath of flowers being placed there daily.

Rodehampton Hospital specializes in artificial limbs. One man treated walked for the visitors, who were asked to guess which one was the artificial limb. One guessed the right and another the left.

"Wrong," he laughed, "both the bloomin' pegs are gone."

In one of the hospitals I found the son of a friend. His mother had asked me to look him up and to ascertain why he had not written. I found he was recovering rapidly, not at all anxious to get out, for he had fallen in love with his nurse. "We are engaged," he whispered, and I came away whistling "I don't want to get well, I'm in love with a beautiful nurse."

St. Dunstan's Hospital was for blind soldiers. The structure was formerly the home of Otto Kahn of New York, now turned over by him for a hospital. Here I saw the blind enjoying themselves on roller skates or being taught useful occupations. Sir Arthur Pearson, founder of *Pearson's Magazine*, is in charge, devoting his time to the relief of the blind.

On Carlton Terrace, standing with a group of Americans, in which there was a mixture of Englishmen, we saw Colonel Whitman's regiment swing by with that peculiar freedom of movement of the shoulders made possible, so it is said, by the wearing of belts rather than braces. As they passed in review of King George V, at Buckingham Palace, he was heard to say:

"The boys look fine. They have the swing of confidence."

The King recently threw out a baseball at a game between the American Army and Navy. The comments of a London newspaper writer about the game was an appreciative observation on the American national sport.

It was an inspiring moment when American troops swung down the Pall Mall lined on either side with the Stars and Stripes. Following the troops was a gray-bearded Civil War veteran

carrying a little flag. Every American in our party uncovered. The British pay honor to the King, while Americans venerate the flag as expressing an ideal.

All unexpected to him, undoubtedly, I wrote the King extending my felicitations. My English and American friends laughed at my informal manner; yet in twelve hours I had received a reply from the King's Secretary, thanking me for the fine spirit of my letter.

Meeting the leaders of the American Labor Mission, my friend, McCormick, told me how they had been received by the King. I said to him: "I think I ought to call on the King before I leave." The Embassy arranged the matter, but the date set was after that on which I was due to sail. Mr. Shucraft, the secretary of the Embassy said:

"I know the Assistant Secretary to the King and will advise him of your early departure."

Borrowing a frock coat and a silk hat and a pair of white spats from an English friend, forty-four stout, and buying a cane and pair of lavender gloves, I started for Buckingham Palace. Standing at the foot of the Strand until I could get a cab which seemed to correspond to my attire, and entering the "chariot," I said to myself, as I lolled

at a patrician angle on the cane with care-flung gloves: "They'll think a real duke is coming now."

As I went toward Buckingham Palace I saw English soldiers nearby training with gas masks. I then wondered how my voice would work in the presence of royalty.

I rolled up the graveled drive to the palace. Alighting I asked for the Assistant Secretary. I was escorted into a large room and while waiting, spent my time in looking at the pictures on the walls. The King was leaving that day for Sandringham. One by one other men gathered until there was quite a group. Finally the attendant appeared and motioning that we were to follow, I found myself in the room where stood the King of England. The first glimpse I had of him was with his back toward me. As the different men melted away and my turn came, the attendant presented me. I extended greetings. He bowed and said in his quiet democratic way:

"It is always a delight to meet you Americans." There was something so good, noble and earnest in the way he said it. I bowed and earnestly paid my tribute to the kingly man and manly king, and with the same spirit as I would sing the "Star Spangled Banner," I now would sing "God Save the King."

XXVI

HOMEWARD BOUND—SMOKE TALK

SEATED on wooden benches, like school children in the old days, the few who were to sail that morning waited in the Landing Stage at Liverpool. Every person was separately examined, for once on board, it was to stay.

Out in the Channel lay the great ship which was to take us home. To reach her we boarded a tender. The skies were pouring rain, and though soon wet to the skin, none of the enthusiasm for the voyage was lost. To be home again! To tell the people what I had seen with my own eyes! To relate experiences, probably given to no other man of my capacity in equal space and time! To carry the messages from soldier-boys at the front to fathers and mothers! To bear greetings from Premiers and Cabinet officers! That was my purpose. I knew not what precious cargo was aboard our ship, but in my brain and heart I carried a wealth untold.

What a thrill swept over me as I first learned that our ship was the *Carmania*—she of the charmed life. Had she not been reported sunk a number of times? Three hundred and three shots were in her hull. Five had penetrated below the water line. She had been through the battle of the Falkland Islands, but—she was still afloat. Then, too, she was in the hands of Captain Irwin, still undaunted, who had seen two ships torpedoed from under him.

Near us lay the great *Aquatania*—the largest ship alive. In her great arms she was tenderly bearing the wounded soldiers home.

Once on board there was a long wait of nearly twenty-four hours. In our squadron were eight ships, and we were waiting for convoy. After what seemed an interminably long time, the convoy appeared, steaming out of moorings to take their place in the line on either side. There were seven. Outside the line of our ships were the big battle craft, while outside of these were the destroyers, which, during the voyage, darted in and out, ahead, astern, and between the battle craft, always steering a zigzag course, humming like a hornet, and looking as spiteful.

Now we are moving down the Channel! The ship was threading the graveyard of the Mersey.

Masts of sunken ships push out of the water here and there, mute reminders of the myriad tragedies of the past four years!

Not once during the first three days out to sea did our convoy relax its vigilance. When we reached a certain longitude, the convoy swung off; each of the eight ships was left to its own defense, and each began to steer a different course. In a few hours it was hulls down on the horizon, and our good ship was alone. So rapidly did she zigzag, that, walking the deck one evening with the sun directly astern, by the time I had crossed the deck, where I had seen the sun on that side, I now saw it on the other.

It was here, on my first day at sea, that I asked a stranger for a match. That match lighted a most enjoyable friendship, for the donor, Mr. H. E. Worthington, an Englishman by birth, and now a resident of Philadelphia, became my seat-mate and companion.

Our passenger list numbered thirty-eight, only two of whom were women. The smoke room, then, naturally became the inner shrine of the ship, and it was not long before it became an open forum, where topics pertaining to the war were threshed out.

Our party formed a very cosmopolitan company.

Among others were Dr. George E. Vincent, president of the Rockefeller Foundation; Dr. Livingston Farrand, tuberculosis expert, who had been in France for a year; a Y. M. C. A. secretary from America; the president of the British Seaman's Union, and a native of New Zealand; a lieutenant of the British Army, who had been serving in South Africa, teaching natives how to use machine guns; a captain of the British Army from Australia; a soldier from New Zealand; a Y. M. C. A. secretary from India, Rev. Joseph Clare, for five years minister of the British-American Church at Petrograd; expert aviators from the British Air Force; an aviator from Argentina, and a nurse from Nova Scotia. The commander of the convoy detailed by the Admiralty had been for many years the captain of tramp steamers all over the world. Of all the company he alone seemed indisposed to talk, but he was a hard listener.

The forumesque character of the evening gatherings soon assumed definite shape. My friend Worthington, extremely modest, was persuaded to act as judge advocate. Dr. Vincent, whose father was the founder of Chautauqua, and who had listened to all sorts of oratory for forty years, was chosen presiding officer. His task was to

keep the speakers within the time limit. He proved to possess a rare combination of wit and repartee.

From the personnel of the party, it seemed as if the ends of the earth had been brought together. "Parson" Clare had been in Russia during the Revolution, and his sidelights of the situation there were most illuminating. Representatives from Africa, New Zealand, Australia, India, France, Great Britain, Canada and the United States made contributions to a better understanding of war conditions. Some of these were called upon once, but two of us, I remember, were called upon every night. It might be said, however, that we were on the program committee.

An illuminating argument came personally to my attention one day. Two English lads coming to America had been having an animated discussion. They chose me as arbiter. One said, "How many stars are there in your flag and how many stripes has it?" One contended that it had sixty-four stars and nine stripes. It gave me an opportunity to deliver one Flag Day oration on a subject with which every child in our public schools is familiar when he pledges allegiance to the flag.

During the progress of the voyage there was one exciting moment. It was when the foam of a

torpedo hissed astern of the ship. From that moment the captain posted a notice of warning that each must wear life preservers—eating, sleeping or waking. Then began the life-boat drill in earnest.

The journey also afforded an opportunity to inspect the ship. Under the gracious guidance of Captain Irwin, I was shown the accommodations for our boys who are being taken across. The ship had capacity for about two thousand seven hundred, or all she dared to carry and "get off." Every possible comfort was provided. Many of the officers and soldiers have staterooms, but an additional bed has been built in the space between the two tiers of regular bunks on the side by taking out the partition. Each stateroom is scrupulously clean and provided with fresh sheets and clean blankets. Hammocks serve as a resting place for the others during the night. All in all, our boys go across under most comfortable conditions.

MacDonald, the chief engineer of the ship, was aboard the *Carmania* when she was fighting in the battle of the Falkland Islands.

On the bow of the ship the triangle paroplanes were placed the last night out. These cut the wires of the mines and set them adrift. We then knew that it was the last day at sea. As we neared

the end of our journey, they were hauled up. They were covered with fish, partly dressed and masticated ready for a meal, if anybody wanted one of that kind.

Finally Ambrose Light hove in sight. We had received the wireless news of enemy submarines in American waters. This explained the bits of wreckage we had seen. As we came nearer, airplanes were hovering about and observation balloons stationed in the air were watching for submarines. Our ship was still zigzagging. The bell in the pilot house was ringing every ten minutes, the signal to change the course. The submarine could not fire a torpedo inside of fifteen minutes. When we caught a glimpse of Staten Island there was a cheerful look on the faces, its emerald green flashing in the red of the sky like an opal.

And now we are abeam of the Statue of Liberty. If a fitting scene for the close of a most memorable journey were desired, nothing more dramatic could have been laid than that which was staged. Fifty-five ships, the decks piled high with supplies, guns bristling fore and aft, camouflaged in baffling designs, were passing the Statue of Liberty on their way to France.

America was busy.

These cargoes carry on the war pledge of "our entire resources," but in the transports bearing our soldiers overseas is carried the treasure untold. Your boy and my boy—from a million homes—have sailed for France, and gazed long upon this emblem consecrated to liberty, whose arm is ever uplifted while facing the glowing east, where the hope and love of our evening prayers greet the rising sun of tomorrow.

2.00